

YANKEE DOODLE

COMPLETE STORIES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, May 14, 1898, by Frank Tousey.

No. 4.

NEW YORK, June 22, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

YANKEE DOODLE WITH SCHLEY; — OR — SEARCHING FOR THE SPANISH FLEET.



"Now is our time, senorita!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, springing up out of the boat and leaping ashore with her, drawing the boat as far up on the beach as he could. Then, seizing her hand, he added: "Quick! Let's get away before the light catches us again!"

YANKEE DOODLE.

Stories of the Present War.

Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, May 14, 1898. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1898, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, 29 West Twenty-Sixth street, New York.

No. 4.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

YANKEE DOODLE WITH SCHLEY; OR, Searching for the Spanish Fleet.

BY AUTHOR OF YANKEE DOODLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPANISH FLEET AN ARTFUL DODGER—YANKEE DOODLE AND COMMODORE SCHLEY.

When the news reached the United States that the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera had left the Cape de Verde islands, where it had been for weeks, the authorities at Washington instructed Admiral Sampson to be vigilant and watchful; and, if possible, meet it and smash it before it could reach Cuban waters. Also the Flying Squadron, under Commodore Schley, then lying at Hampton Roads, was ordered to put to sea. For many days the people of the entire country were on the keen edge of expectancy, as no one knew or had the slightest idea as to where the Spanish fleet would strike.

Daily rumors flew all over the country; and an enterprising press, eager to make money, published all they could hear and manufactured a great deal more that they didn't hear, the natural consequence of which was a feverish excitement throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Suddenly the news flashed through the cables from the island of Martinique stating that the Spanish fleet had arrived there, showing that it was making for the West Indies; and the two American fleets were instantly put in motion to intercept it.

A great deal was said in the public press about the inability of the Spanish fleet to obtain a sufficient supply of coal to enable it to reach Porton Rico or any of the Cuban ports. At the same time the Spanish admiral was quietly receiving his supply of coal from vessels which had been sent to Martinique to await his arrival.

According to international law, the fighting ships of belligerents were not permitted in neutral ports longer than twenty-four hours. Hence the Spanish fleet had to leave

Martinique and again it disappeared from the sight of the whole world.

So vast is the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean and the waters of the Caribbean Sea that great fleets can sail for days without being seen by other ships; and so it happened that for another week military authorities of Europe and America were kept guessing as to the whereabouts of Cervera and his fighting ships.

In the meantime Admiral Sampson's fleet and the Flying Squadron under Commodore Schley kept the waters of the West Indies stirred up by their scouts looking in every direction for the Spaniards. It was while they were thus on the lookout for Cervera that the news came, by a dispatch boat sent out from St. Thomas, that the Spanish fleet had suddenly turned up at Curacao, way down in Central America, which is a Dutch port.

As the main object of the Spanish admiral was believed to be the relief of Havana, Admiral Sampson, with his fleet, took up a position in the Windward Passage, at the extreme eastern end of the island of Cuba; while Commodore Schley, with the Flying Squadron, guarded the western end of the island, thus rendering it quite impossible for the Spanish fleet to make the north coast without coming up with one or the other of the American fleets.

The authorities at Curacao, under the neutrality laws, notified the Spanish admiral, when the twenty-four hours allowed him to remain in port were up, that he must leave; and again the fleet disappeared from sight in the wide waste of water of the Caribbean sea. Again all the naval and military men of America were on the tenter-hooks of suspense; and every day news of a great naval battle was eagerly looked for. It was believed that if the Spanish admiral came up with either of the American fleets his fighting ships would be smashed and sent to the bottom.

The feeling of uncertainty increased to such an extent

that it soon became a painful suspense; yet knowing ones proclaimed with much emphasis that the Spaniards couldn't get away from Sampson and Schley. Still the days passed, and the suspense increased as no news from the fleet was received.

All of a sudden the news came from London stating that Admiral Cervera had telegraphed to Madrid that he and his fleet were safely in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba.

Military statists of both Europe and America were not a little surprised. Those in the United States were suspicious and could not believe that Cervera would enter the harbor of Santiago, and those suspicions were telegraphed to both Sampson and Schley, with the statement that the Spanish fleet would be more likely to make for Cienfuegos, rather than Santiago de Cuba, as that port was directly south of Havana, some sixty or seventy miles away, and connected with it by a railroad, whereas Santiago was nearly five hundred miles away from Havana, near the extreme eastern end of the island, with no railway connections with the capital.

Both Sampson and Schley seemed to entertain the same idea, and suspected that the dispatch published in Madrid was for the purpose of deceiving the military authorities at Washington; so Sampson still held his position in the Windward Passage, while Schley moved eastward and anchored in front of Cienfuegos. Commodore Schley remained three or four days in front of Cienfuegos, vainly trying to find out whether the Spanish fleet really was in that harbor. There were batteries and strong fortifications all along the shore on both sides of the harbor for the defense of the port; and it was believed that torpedoes and mines had been planted thickly about the entrance.

Occasionally he exchanged shots with the batteries along shore, hoping that the Spanish fleet would come out and give him battle if it was really in the harbor. While the guns of the fortifications returned his fire briskly, no Spanish ship appeared to accept his challenge; and he was thus left in a cloud of doubt.

It is true that under the cover of night communication was held with the insurgents on shore; yet after sifting well all the information received from the Cubans, he could find nothing sufficient to convince him that the Spanish fleet was really there.

Leaving a sufficient number of vessels to watch the harbor of Cienfuegos and head off the Spanish fleet if it should venture out, Commodore Schley steamed away eastward to meet and confer with Admiral Sampson. He passed the port of Santiago, with its frowning batteries crowning the bold bluffs of the entrance to that harbor, and met the flagship of the admiral. He lost no time in going on board the admiral's flagship; and the two naval chieftains spent a couple of hours in discussing the situation.

"Cervera is either at Santiago or Cienfuegos," said the admiral; "and it is an imperative necessity that he should be quickly located."

"Yes," assented the commodore; "I can force the harbor of Cienfuegos and settle the question in a few hours, just as it was done at Manila."

"That is a great risk, Commodore."

"So it is," assented the commodore; "nevertheless, my ships and men are ready to assume it."

"Don't take the risk," advised the admiral; and the commodore was about to return to his flagship when a dispatch boat arrived from Kingston with dispatches for the admiral.

The admiral hastily read the dispatches from the navy department at Washington, and learned that it was the general belief there and in Europe that Cervera was at Santiago, and not at Cienfuegos.

"If that is true," remarked the commodore when he read it, "he is in a trap and can be hermetically sealed up in that harbor."

"I think so myself," assented the admiral; "the entrance to that harbor is not more than three hundred yards wide, and passes through and curves behind two high, bold bluffs, which shut out the view from the sea; hence nothing can be seen in the harbor there from the decks of your ship."

"For all that," said the commodore, "if Cervera is there, I'll find him."

"I think I have a man on board my ship, Commodore," remarked the admiral, "or rather a boy, who can find out whether the Spanish fleet is in Santiago harbor if anybody in the world can. I think you had better take him back with you."

"Thank you, Admiral; that's just the kind of a man I want."

"He is a mere youth in years," exclaimed the admiral; "but he has rendered me more service along the north coast of Cuba than, perhaps, any man in the fleet; yet, strange to say, he is not a sailor nor a marine. He came out from New York as a drummer boy for a regiment, and when I sent a messenger to General Gomez asking for a safe man to gather information for me concerning the Spanish forces on shore, he recommended this youth to me with the assertion that he was believed to bear a charmed life; and, while I have never believed in the idea of any one's having a charmed life, I don't believe that all the Spaniards in Cuba can hit him with a bullet."

"Is he an American?" the commodore asked.

"Oh, yes; Yankee Doodle is a full-blooded American."

"Yankee Doodle!" exclaimed the commodore in no little surprise; "why, I have heard of that boy, for the papers of the United States have published many stories of his adventures; but I didn't know that he was with you. I would like very much to see him."

"He has been with me for nearly three weeks," remarked the admiral, and then he sent his cabin boy to summon Yankee Doodle to the cabin.

When Yankee Doodle appeared the admiral introduced him to the commodore, who rose to his feet and shook hands with him, remarking at the same time:

"I'm glad to see you, my boy; we've all heard of you, and now the admiral has kindly consented to let me have your services for a while on board my flagship."

"Thank you, sir," replied Yankee Doodle; "I'm ready to serve anywhere I'm ordered; but I can assure you that I am so comfortable and well treated by the officers and men of this ship that if it were left to myself they could never

get rid of me except by tying a weight to my feet and dropping me overboard."

"I think we can make it just as comfortable for you on my ship," laughed the commodore.

"Oh, I don't doubt that, sir," said Yankee Doodle; "I'm willing to go anywhere that I can be of service to the old flag."

"I think you can be of very great service," returned the commodore, "for I want you to find out for me whether the Spanish fleet is in the harbor of Santiago."

"I will do my best for you, Commodore."

"That's all a man can do," was the reply. "I have been told by insurgents from on shore that the fleet is there; while others said it is not. As I know nothing at all about the men who brought the information I am, of course, at a loss to know what to believe. The admiral tells me that whatever story you bring in can be believed."

"I make it a rule," said Yankee Doodle, "to be sure of my facts where so much is involved."

"Aye," said the commodore; "when I am sure of my ground I know what to do; but when I am not, I am forced to wait for more reliable information. If you are ready now, you can take leave of the admiral and we'll go aboard my ship."

Yankee Doodle at once repaired to his quarters and got together his belongings, tied them up in a snug bundle, after which he went to the officers of the ship; told them that he was going to join the Flying Squadron of Commodore Schley; shook hands with them all, and thanked them for their kindness to him.

The officers regretted that he was leaving them, and had many kind expressions for him.

That duty performed, Yankee Doodle rejoined the commodore and shook hands with the admiral, saying as he did so:

"I hope, Admiral, that I am leaving your ship wearing the same hat that I brought aboard with me."

"Good!" laughed the admiral, as he shook his hand; "just stick to that, my boy, and you will come out of this war all right, with a right to be proud of the record you have made."

"Thank you, Admiral," returned Yankee Doodle; "I shall never forget your kindness to me," and with that he turned and followed the commodore to his boat; a half-hour later he was on the deck of the flagship of the Flying Squadron.

He found the flagship of the Flying Squadron a good deal like the one he had just left. The commodore introduced him to the captain and lieutenant, who gave him a cordial reception, as they had all heard of his exploits on shore and along the north coast of the island.

The flagship then steamed away westward in the direction of Santiago; and during the trip Yankee Doodle spent most of the time with the commodore, who took particular pains to explain to him many things he wished to find out about the situation in and about the city of Santiago.

"All the south coast along the eastern end of the island," said the commodore, "is quite mountainous, and in many places bold bluffs project directly out of the water. Such is particularly the case about Santiago. The entrance to the harbor is very narrow, and a sharp turn conceals the

harbor from view from the sea. The bluff is so high that nothing can be seen beyond it; hence it is absolutely necessary that some one with good judgment, and whom I can trust implicitly, will have to go ashore and find out by actual observation the real condition of affairs in the harbor and about the city. You will understand," added the commodore, "that under the rules of war no officer on land or sea can order any man of his command to take upon himself the duties of a spy."

"Oh, yes, I understand that," said Yankee Doodle; "one must volunteer for such work as that."

"Exactly," assented the commodore; "I am going to let you exercise your own discretion, and furnish you all the assistance you may need in your work."

Along in the middle of the afternoon Yankee Doodle with a spyglass in his hand walked about the deck of the flagship and watched the shore some two or three miles away as though he had a particular interest in every foot of it. Later on he stood on the bridge and used the spyglass, after which he ascended to the tower where the two rapid-fire guns were placed, and from there kept up his observations until the sun went down and night obscured the view. To his surprise he was told that he was to mess with the officers of the flagship, an honor which he had not expected.

The marines and seamen wondered who the youth was who was so familiar with the officers, and who had been so busy scanning the coast all the afternoon; but as he did not go among them any that night, none of them found out who he was.

He sat up in the officers' quarters until near midnight relating his adventures in the army after it landed on the coast of Pinar del Rio Province. The officers were particularly interested in his description of the old veteran Gomez at the head of his troops in battle.

"What do you think of him as a soldier?" asked the captain of the flagship.

"I think he is a great man, sir, as well as a great general. Had he been killed a year ago the rebellion on the island would have collapsed and this war would not have begun. He is very quiet in his ways, and is always cool and self-possessed."

"How old is he?" one of the officers asked.

"I have been told that he is seventy-five years old; but he doesn't look it, for he is active and strong as a man of thirty."

CHAPTER II.

YANKEE DOODLE GOES IN QUEST OF THE SPANISH FLEET—IN THE WOODS NEAR SANTIAGO.

When Yankee Doodle awoke the next morning on board the commodore's flagship he went out on deck and found all the other ships of the Flying Squadron almost within hailing distance, and out in front, some four or five miles away, were the bold bluffs of Santiago harbor. He could see the entrance plainly like a river coming out from under the mountains; on either side of it were frowning cliffs rising several hundred feet above the water, with batteries along the face of them from the water's edge clear to the top.

By means of a spyglass he could see great guns mounted on the fortifications like grim bulldogs on guard.

"Those works out there are stronger than anything I've seen on the north shore, sir," he remarked to the captain of the ship, who was standing by his side.

"Stronger than Matanzas or Cardenas?" the captain asked.

"Much stronger, sir," he replied; "but I think they can be knocked to pieces, sir."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because what man has made he can unmake," replied Yankee Doodle.

"Aye, that's what I think," assented the captain. "No matter how strong works may be built, guns can be made strong enough to destroy them. There may be a limit somewhere, but we have not found it yet."

Yankee Doodle spent the entire forenoon scanning the hills and fortifications on either side of the entrance to the harbor, and saw that the Spaniards had placed batteries at every available point, and that the probabilities were that the coast for several miles east and west was vigilantly guarded day and night, not only to prevent landing of any force from the ship, but to prevent communication with the insurgents on shore.

About noon he sought an interview with the commodore, to whom he said:

"It's a pretty tough job, Commodore, as those fellows out there keep up a strict watch day and night."

"You are right, my boy," assented the commodore.

"I think I had better get on one of the smallest gunboats in the squadron and take a run along the coast to see if I can find a safe opening anywhere."

"Very well," replied the commodore; "I can place you on one of the smallest gunboats, with instructions to take you anywhere you wish to go."

"In that case," returned Yankee Doodle, "I'm ready to start now."

The commodore ordered the captain of the ship to signal one of the small gunboats to come alongside of the flagship, and when the boat arrived the captain was summoned on board the flagship to receive instructions from the commodore. Everything was explained to him, and a half hour later Yankee Doodle went on board the gunboat and the little craft steamed away westward.

The captain of the gunboat was a young lieutenant of the navy, who was not only a splendid seaman, but a brave, ambitious officer who was eager to earn a record for himself in the war.

After going about five or six miles to the west of the entrance to the harbor, Yankee Doodle asked him to go in as close to the shore as the depth of the water would permit, in order to find out if any Spaniards were on watch thereabouts; and while they were approaching the shore he explained his signals to the captain, so that the latter could understand when he wanted assistance and at what point.

The little gunboat approached to within an eighth of a mile of the shore and found that while it was a bold one, the woods grew down almost to the water's edge.

Yankee Doodle scanned the shore very closely, and could see no evidence of the presence of Spaniards about; so he

suggested to the captain to lower a boat with about a dozen men in it.

"You see," said he, "if a boatload of men are seen pulling to the shore they are not likely to be counted; the boat returning filled with men, one less would not be noticed, and those on watch would think that all had returned."

"Very good," laughed the lieutenant; "that's a good idea in putting a man ashore; and it's a very easy thing to do, too."

When the boat was ready Yankee Doodle quietly stepped back inside the officers' cabin and armed himself with a brace of Smith & Wesson revolvers and a dagger, all three of which he concealed so well about his person that even the marines in the boat saw no evidence of their presence.

"Now, bo'sen," said Yankee Doodle, "just glide in near those bushes out there and if nobody ashore objects to my landing I'll take leave of you."

"Aye, aye," said the boatswain; "pull away, my lads."

The seamen bent to the oars; and the boat glided noiselessly through the waters and in a little while they were within a stone's throw of the shore. Then the boat slackened her speed and glided up slowly until the keel grated in the sand.

Yankee Doodle rose to his feet, leaped out and quickly disappeared in the bushes.

Under instructions from the lieutenant, the boat remained there some ten or fifteen minutes to render any assistance that might be required. If none were required, the boat would return immediately to the gunboat.

After the lapse of some twenty minutes, nothing being heard from Yankee Doodle, the boat pulled away from the shore and returned to the gunboat.

Yankee Doodle made his way up the face of the hill, which was densely wooded, until he was some three hundred feet or more above the level of the sea. There he stopped and sat down on a stone and gazed out at the magnificent panorama spread before him. From where he was he seemed to have a view reaching fifty miles out to sea. He not only saw every vessel belonging to the Flying Squadron, but away beyond them many other vessels going in various directions.

"It's a beautiful sight," he said to himself; "and all along these heights magnificent hotels and villas and private residences would now be flourishing had this island belonged to the United States; but the blight of Spain is upon it, and hence, four hundred years after its discovery, vast regions on this Queen of the Antilles yet remain desolate as on the day Columbus struck it."

Then he sat quietly looking and listening for a half-hour or so, after which he arose and cut him a stout cudgel, to be used as a walking stick in pushing his way through the woods. Thus equipped, he moved on further up the side of the bluff and soon reached the summit.

From the crest of the bluff he saw a rolling, hilly country extending inland, and for some time he was in doubt whether to go in that direction and thus reach the head of the harbor of Santiago, or push on straight toward the fortifications at the entrance. He finally decided to get nearer to the city before leaving the coast, so he pushed on in that direction, looking sharply about him right and

left as he advanced, and had progressed about a mile when he was startled by a sudden boom from a great gun either on some of the forts or on a ship.

He stopped and listened, wondering what had occasioned the discharge; but on hearing no other report he resumed his journey.

After he had gone a couple of miles over a very rough surface, he suddenly heard voices ahead of him.

He crouched down in the bushes and listened; but soon found out that the voices were too far away for him to understand what was said; so he crept cautiously forward, keeping well hidden in the bushes, until he advanced a hundred yards or so; there the voices became quite audible.

Knowing that discovery meant death, he crept forward on his hands and knees until he reached a point where, not fifty feet away from him, he saw a rude hut in front of which was seated on a bench some four or five Spanish soldiers. In front of the hut facing the sea he noticed that some trees had been cut away in order to afford an unobstructed view of the sea and coast.

On making this discovery, Yankee Doodle at once understood that it was a Spanish outlook and that those soldiers were there on duty. A well-beaten path leading down the hillside showed that some of their number had to do duty down on the beach, while others were on the lookout on the crest of the hill.

"As I have nothing to do with you fellows," said Yankee Doodle to himself, "I don't care to make your acquaintance; I'm glad I met you, though, for your presence here means that it is safer for me to get back as far from the shore as possible."

He turned and made his way due north, with his back toward the sea, and pushed on for an hour or so, toiling through the dense forest, the ground rough and rocky in many places. By that time he thought he was far enough from the shore to turn eastward again and go in the direction of the city of Santiago.

After another hour's slow, toilsome march he struck a road, that is what is called a road in Cuba; in the United States it would not have been considered anything but a path. He concluded to follow it northward a while, and soon he found himself going down a long hill, at the foot of which he found a stream of clear running water, with a small corduroy bridge spanning it.

"Lord, but I'm dry enough," he muttered, and plucking a large green leaf the size of his two hands, he made a drinking cup out of it and dipped water from the brook until he had drank his fill.

As he threw the leaf away he heard voices on the hillside in the direction he had been going, and fearing discovery, he nimbly dodged into the bushes some ten feet above a spring. He had scarcely settled himself there when two women appeared, evidently mother and daughter. Both of them quenched their thirst at the spring and stood there talking in low tones for about five minutes, when they were joined by an old man, evidently a Cuban, who came down the path in the same direction that Yankee Doodle himself had come.

They were evidently expecting him, for the woman

passed to him a little bag containing something which made a bulk a little larger than a man's head, saying as she did so:

"It was all I could get."

The old man opened the bag, looked into it, and took out a piece of brown bread. He then kissed the mother and daughter, after which he turned away and disappeared in the bushes on the other side of the path.

The two women looked after him for a minute or two in silence, and then turned to leave, going in the direction they had come.

"They are the wife and daughter of an insurgent," said Yankee Doodle to himself, "and I am going to follow them and see what information I can pick up."

They had not gone more than ten paces when he started after them, calling to them:

"Senoras!"

They both wheeled around with expressions of alarm on their faces.

"Don't be alarmed," said he in a pleasant tone of voice, "for I am a friend to all Cubans."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the young girl, "he is an Americano!"

"Si, senorita," he said smilingly.

"Senor," said the mother, "what are you doing here? This is no place for you."

"I'm trying to get to Santiago, senora."

"You will be killed there, Senor Americano."

"Si, senora, so I would if they caught me; but tell me, are you for Cuba or for Spain?"

"We are Cubans, senor."

"Good," he replied. "We Americans have come to help Cuba. Will you kindly show me how I can get to the city under cover of darkness, so as not to be seen by the Spaniards?"

"Oh, Senor Americano! It is so dangerous!"

"I am used to danger, senora, so have no fear on my account; but be careful not to involve yourselves in any danger to help me; only tell me how I can reach the city."

Ere she could make any reply footsteps were heard coming down the path. The young girl whispered:

"Come, senor," and darted into the bushes to the left.

The mother was about as quick as herself, while Yankee Doodle was scarcely two seconds behind her.

They were scarcely in the bushes ere two Spanish soldiers dashed in after them, one of whom clutched the young girl by the arm, calling out in a bantering tone:

"What are you running away for, senorita; am I so very ugly?"

Yankee Doodle saw at a glance that the Spaniards had not seen him.

The other Spaniard caught the mother, and instantly both were struggling to free themselves from the two soldiers.

CHAPTER III.

THE INSURGENT'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER, AND HOW THEY ASSISTED YANKEE DOODLE.

The two Spaniards were unarmed, so far as Yankee Doodle could see, and were evidently returning from some

visit back to the fort up on the hill. But the peril of the situation flashed upon his mind almost instantly.

He must either defend the mother and daughter or else leave them to fall victims to the brutal Spaniards. To defend them would be a revelation of his presence in that locality. Hence, unless he killed them, the alarm would be sent out and parties of Spanish soldiers would be sent in every direction to capture him.

Capture he well knew meant death. Hence the situation resolved itself down to—kill, or be killed.

It took him but a brief moment to settle the question, so he drew his dagger and sprang at the soldier who was struggling with the young girl. He struck him a single blow in the neck, and the brute, without knowing whence it came, gasped:

"Caramba!" staggered back, and fell in the bushes.

Then, with the stealthy spring of a panther, he went for the other, who was struggling with the girl's mother. The woman, being stronger than the girl, was battling furiously against her assailant, who, from laughing at first, proceeded to swear and deal blows. He struck her once on the shoulder and the next moment was confronted by the daring young American.

The Spaniard, so taken back at finding himself thus confronted so unexpectedly, gasped out:

"Diablos!"

Yankee Doodle gave him little chance to defend himself, for he dashed at him and gave him the dagger to the hilt three times in the breast in as many seconds.

He staggered backward and sank down within a few feet of his comrade, who was already dead.

"You are safe, senora," said Yankee Doodle very coolly, turning to the mother of the girl.

"Oh, senor!" she exclaimed, with a look of horror in her dusky face; "it is awful."

"Si, senora; this is war. You know where to go; I do not. If you'll lead, I'll follow."

"Then come, senor," she replied; "but we must keep out of the path." And she turned and led the way up the hill, keeping the path on her right at a safe distance.

The young girl, without uttering a word, stepped to his side and placed her hand in his. He could feel that she was trembling like an aspen.

"Don't be frightened, senorita," he half whispered to her; "for you are in no way responsible for their death. If it be a sin, it is mine; for I had to kill them, or they would have slain me."

"Si, senor," she said; "they are very cruel."

"So they are, senorita. Spain is the most cruel nation on earth."

He would have said more; but at that moment the mother stopped, wheeled around and motioned them to keep silent.

The three stood stock still; and Yankee Doodle could plainly hear footsteps along the path.

Others were passing; but whether friend or foe, he could not see; but when the sound of their footsteps died away the mother again turned and proceeded up the hill, closely followed by Yankee Doodle and her daughter.

On reaching the top of the hill the mother stopped and began a whispering conversation with her daughter, after

which she turned and led off still farther away from the path. Again the young girl placed her hand in that of Yankee Doodle, and for more than an hour they pushed on through the woods.

At the end of that time they struck a road which led in a northeasterly direction; and soon they came in sight of a typical little Cuban hut, around which was a small clearing in which vegetables were growing, and an air of quiet and peace pervaded the whole place.

As they were passing the house without stopping, Yankee Doodle inquired of the girl:

"Do you know who lives here, senorita?"

"Si, senor; but no one is at home now."

"Where do they go?" he asked.

"They have gone for food, senor."

"Where do they get it?" he asked.

"Wherever they can find it, senor."

"Then they don't get much," he remarked.

"No, senor; very little indeed," and then she looked up at him as if to impress his features upon her memory; and he returned her gaze with such a look of admiration that she turned and looked in another direction.

"Is it not dangerous for us to be here in this open road?" he asked.

"The soldiers do not pass this way, senor," she replied.

Then they came in sight of two more little huts, which were also deserted like the first one; and after they had passed them a hundred yards or more they reached a spot whence Yankee Doodle could see a little town of several hundred houses about a mile away.

"What place is that?" he asked.

"It is the town of Caimenez, senor."

"Is there a Spanish force there?" he asked.

"No, senor; but they come there often. Their line of fortifications are out that way," and she pointed to the right as she spoke. "The road leads from the town to Santiago."

"And how far is Santiago?" he asked.

"About five miles, senor; but it's only about three miles to the Spanish fortifications. We live down that way near the water," and she pointed in the direction of the downward slope of the hill, just as the mother turned into a little narrow footpath leading in that direction.

Yankee Doodle and the girl followed her along the path a distance of several hundred yards, when they suddenly came upon a small collection of huts near the water of what he conceived to be an arm of the bay of Santiago.

He counted seven huts, all within a stone's throw of each other.

The mother made direct for the third hut from the road, reaching it through the bushes in the rear, as though she wished to avoid being seen by the inmates of the other huts.

Without seeing any one, Yankee Doodle heard the voices of children at play in front of the hut. The woman pushed open the door and entered, Yankee Doodle and the girl following, and the door was immediately closed behind them.

"This is our home, senor," said the young girl.

"Si, senor," said the mother; "this is our home, and a sad one it has been since the war began."

"Senora," said Yankee Doodle, "are the others living here close by you all friends of Cuba?"

"Si, senor; all the men are fighting with Garcia."

"Ah! And where is Garcia?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"They say he is at Bayamo, senor."

"And how far away is Bayamo?" he asked.

"It is thirty miles, senor; but many of his men are all around here watching the soldiers in Santiago. They say they will soon take the city and kill the Spanish soldiers."

"Si, senor," said the young girl, "they say the American ships will soon destroy the fort and the Spanish ships in the harbor."

Yankee Doodle started suddenly, and asked quickly:

"Are there any Spanish warships in the harbor, senorita?"

"Si, senor," she replied; "there are five or six great warships, full of soldiers and with big guns. It is the great fleet that Spain has sent to destroy the American ships."

"Is it Admiral Cervera's ships, senorita?" he asked.

"Si, senor," said the mother quickly, "that is the name; and the Spaniards all say that he will destroy all the American ships when he is ready to do so."

"Senora," said Yankee Doodle, "the American fleet will destroy his ships, and not one of them will ever see Spain again."

"Oh, senor, I do pray that it may be so, for then the war will end, and my husband can come home without fear of being caught and shot."

"It will be so, senora," said he; "Cuba will be free and the Spanish flag will be driven from the island. I have come from the American fleet to find out if it is true that the Spanish fleet is in the harbor of Santiago. You tell me that it is here, and I believe you, senora; but I must tell the commodore of the American fleet that I have seen the Spanish warships with my own eyes."

"You can see them, senor; but if you are seen yourself you will certainly be shot."

"I know that well enough, senora; I carry my life in my hand; yet I have no fear of being shot. If you can keep my presence here concealed from your neighbors there will be little danger to me."

"Oh, they are all friends here, senor; no one would betray you."

"That may be true, senora; but women and children, you know, talk a great deal, and often say things without giving much thought to their utterances. If you can keep me concealed till night I can go out under the cover of darkness, and with a guide to pilot the way, can soon find out if it is true that the Spanish warships are here."

"There is a little room in there," said she, pointing to the door of a connecting room, "where you can stay during the day without being seen by any one; but, senor," she added, with a look of sadness in her eyes, "we can give you little or nothing to eat, as we have nothing but a little fruit and a few vegetables; yet such as we have we will share with you."

"Could you buy food, senora, if you had the money?"

"Si, senor; but we have no money."

"Don't let that worry you, senora; I have money. Here are ten pesetas," and with that he handed her the coin, which caused her to gasp out:

"Oh, senor! I have not seen so much money in many weeks."

"Then you must indeed be in a bad fix, senora."

"Si, senor; it is starvation all the time."

"Then hold **your** hands, senora, and I will fill them with pesetas," and as she held out her two hands he filled them with Spanish coins to the value of twenty dollars or more. Then, turning to the young girl, saying:

"Hold out your little hands, too, senorita," and as she held her little brown hands out to him, he filled them also.

"Oh, senor!" said the mother, "this will save us from starving to death; we would die to serve you and all the Americanos," and as she spoke the tears ran down her cheeks.

The young girl laid the money on the little table near where she was standing and caught Yankee Doodle's hand in hers, looked up into his face, saying as she did so:

"Senor, I can show you where the Spanish warships are, and as soon as it is dark we will go and see them. I'm not afraid to go with you, because you have already saved my life and mother's."

By this time the shadows of night began to fall upon the scene, and the mother hastened to prepare a little food for the three, which Yankee Doodle perceiving, called to her, saying:

"I brought with me from the ship, senora, food enough to last me three days; we will use that now, and to-morrow you can go to the village and buy such as you need."

"Si, senor, I would go now, only I fear to do so at night."

It was quite dark in the hut as twilight came on, and he had scarcely ceased speaking to the senora when the young girl, standing by his side as he sat in a rude chair, suddenly thrust her hand against his mouth, which act he understood to be an admonition for silence. He seized the little hand and pressed it to his lips, and the next moment saw the form of a woman appear at the door of the little hut.

It was a neighbor who had called to speak to the senora, and the latter stepped outside the door to talk with her.

Yankee Doodle sat quiet and listened to the two women talking, and soon learned that the neighbor had called to say that one of her children had heard in the village that there was a great deal of excitement among the Spanish soldiers in Santiago.

"What is it about?" the senora asked.

"The child could not find out," replied the neighbor.

"Well, said the senora, "I'm going to the village in the morning to buy some provisions, and I'll find out."

"What will you buy with?" the neighbor asked.

"I met Tomas at the spring to-day."

"He has had luck, then?" said the neighbor.

"A little, senora," was the reply; "I have a few pesetas."

The neighbor went away to inform her other neighbors that the wife of Tomas had a few pesetas and would go to the village to-morrow. In about ten minutes every woman in the little settlement on the water's edge had come to congratulate the senora; and she promised each one of them a cup of coffee the next morning.

All this Yankee Doodle heard as he sat in the little hut, with the daughter of Tomas standing by his side. When they finally went away Yankee Doodle and the mother and daughter ate their supper in the dark from the rations he had brought with him, as there were neither lamps nor candles in the hut.

Some two hours later the young girl, who had given her name to Yankee Doodle as that of Marcia, said to him that she was ready to go with him to see the Spanish fleet.

"Can you do so safely, *senorita*?" he asked.

"Si, *senor*; we will go in a boat;" and she led the way out of the hut down to the water's edge, where under the light of the stars she saw several little fishing boats drawn up on the beach.

"This is our boat, *senor*," said she, laying her hand on one.

"Then we will use it," he remarked, and proceeded to launch it and hold it for her to enter. When she was seated she took up the oars and waited for him to do likewise.

CHAPTER IV.

YANKEE DOODLE SHEDS SPANISH BLOOD AND IS PURSUED ACROSS THE BAY.

As Yankee Doodle took his seat in the boat he asked the girl to let him have the oars.

"Do you know how to row, *senor*?" she asked.

"Like a fish, *senorita*," he replied.

"So do I, *senor*," she laughed; "and as I know more about this boat than you do I'll do the rowing, and you must sit right here before me so I can point out the different places to you. Can you swim, *senor*?"

"Like a fish, again, *senorita*," he replied; "can you?"

"Si, *senor*, since a little wee child. My father is a fisherman."

She took up the oars and sent the boat flying through the water with an ease and skill that would have done credit to an old seaman; and, better still, there was never a splash of the oars nor the dull sound so often heard from the oar locks. They seemed to move through the water like a shadow or spectre; and in a few minutes the little boat shot into the bay, when she stopped and said to him as she pointed to a thousand lights shining like so many stars across the water:

"That is Santiago city out there."

"How far is it across there, *senorita*?" he asked.

"Between two and three miles, *senor*."

"And those lights down there?" said he, pointing off to the right.

"They are ships, *senor*," said she. "Some of them are warships and others are schooners and sloops. We will go down that way;" and she resumed her oars, sending the little boat skimming through the water.

"Be careful, *senorita*," said he; "warships will allow nothing to approach them in the dark."

"But they cannot see us, *senor*."

"If they hear us they will soon see us," he replied; "for they will turn flashlights upon us."

"Oh, I won't let them hear me, *senor*;" and with that

she bent to the oars, making no noise that could be heard ten feet away.

Yankee Doodle was unable to guess the rate of speed she was making, but judged that she had pulled for half an hour when she suddenly ceased rowing, and the little boat glided silently through the water close alongside of a huge ironclad warship, which, dark as it was, Yankee Doodle immediately recognized and sized it up as one of the great battleships of the Spanish navy. He could see the muzzles of the great guns as they protruded, and even hear the tramp of the sentinels on deck.

He leaned forward until his face almost touched the back of the girl's neck, and whispered:

"Sheer off, *senorita*; we are too close."

She quickly dipped the oars in the water, and the little boat again glided away only to run close to another vessel of like character a few hundred yards away from the first one.

It was much easier for him to see the great ships that loomed high up above him than for the watch and sentinels on board of them to see him and the little boat.

In less than an hour he had seen four great armored warships and some three others which he took to be gunboats. By and by they came close to a black object that lay low in the water. He immediately recognized it as a torpedo boat.

"Sheer off quick, *senorita*!" he whispered to the girl; and she obeyed like a piece of machinery that was controlled by the touching of a button. But in escaping from that one they ran almost into another. She turned quickly and darted past it; but was hailed by a hoarse voice on board, whereupon she bent to the oars, sending the little boat flying through the water like a fish. In a few minutes she was some two hundred yards away from the torpedo boat, going as fast as the oars could send them, when Yankee Doodle was horrified to see a flashlight from one of the warships sweeping quickly across the bosom of the bay. He knew that within a few moments the light would betray their presence, so he said to the girl:

"If they see a man in the boat, *senorita*, they will pursue us. If they see only a girl, they may not suspect anything wrong. I will lie down in the bottom of the boat."

"Si, *senor*," she replied; "do so quickly."

He went quickly over into the bottom of the boat, and was scarcely settled there ere the glare of the flashlight was all about him.

Marcia was pulling direct for the city of Santiago on the opposite side of the bay.

A hoarse call to heave to came from the ship; but she pulled all the harder. A shot was fired from one of the small guns, and a three-inch shell struck the water about a hundred feet to the right of them.

"Oh, *senor*!" she exclaimed; "they are shooting at us."

"Si, *senorita*; but they can't hit us," he replied. "Just pull for the shore as fast as you can."

The light continued to flash about them; and evidently the officers on board the ship became convinced that it was only a girl in the boat, and another shot was not fired;

but lights flashed from every ship in the squadron, lighting up the bay in every direction.

"Which way are we going, *senorita*?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"We will strike the shore just below the city, *senor*."

"Are there any Spanish soldiers there?" he asked.

"No, *senor*; not unless they see us and run down there to meet us, and they can see us in this light."

"I would rather be on shore than in this boat," said he.

The little boat glided through the water, the light of the ship following them as fast as they went, and in a little while struck the shore some distance below the wharves of the city.

At the same instant the light turned and flashed to the left, as if to search the shore in that direction, and the little boat was left in the darkness of the night.

"Now is our time, *senorita*!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, springing up out of the boat and leaping ashore with her, drawing the boat as far up on the beach as he could. Then, seizing her hand, he added:

"Quick! Let's get away before the light catches us again!"

She ran quickly up the beach to a road that ran along the shore connecting the fortifications of the town, and turned behind a house just as the light from the ship flashed upon the locality.

"Just in time," he chuckled; "they can see nothing now but the empty boat; and they certainly didn't see anybody but the girl in it."

They waited several minutes, and then the flashing of the light ceased.

"I guess they won't try to follow us, *senorita*, from the ships; but we don't want any soldiers to find us on shore. Do you know where we can hide until the search for us is over?"

"Si, *senor*. A little farther up the hill is an old wall. If we get behind that they may not find us."

"Lead the way to it, then, *senorita*."

She led the way up the hill, going across the road, he following close behind her. When they reached the wall he found that it was part of an old ruin which was crumbling away in some places. There was a number of such in and about the city, for Santiago is a very old place.

After assisting her over the wall, which was about five feet in height, Yankee Doodle swung himself over it with a bound and landed by her side.

The ships again flashed the light over the bay, and doubtless the little rowboat was seen; but after a few minutes the light was withdrawn, and they were again enveloped in the darkness of the night.

While they were concealed behind the wall they could hear people passing along the road, some talking and laughing, while others passed in silence.

They whispered together for some time, only to stop when passers-by were heard, until at length Yankee Doodle made up his mind to venture forth to see whether anything had been done with the boat or not.

By this time Marcia had learned to trust him to the fullest extent, and whatever he suggested she agreed to; hence when he proposed that she remain there behind the

wall while he ventured forth to investigate the situation, she did not object. So he went over the wall at a bound, quietly passed down the hillside, across the road and proceeded along the beach in the direction of where they had left the boat. When he was near enough to see it he saw through the sombre shadows of the night two men sitting in it, smoking cigars. He crept back far enough to avoid being seen by them and crouched down to listen and watch. But it soon became apparent to him that the men in the boat were there to stay.

"If I wait here long," he thought to himself, "that girl will become uneasy, thinking something has happened to me; yet I would like to see what those fellows are up to, and whether any more are expected."

A few minutes later he noticed that one of the men arose and walked leisurely out toward the road. As the man neared the road he seemed to change his mind, for he turned and walked directly toward where Yankee Doodle was crouching. It was impossible for the young American to move from his place without being seen; so he took the chance of being passed unnoticed by remaining where he was.

The man passed within ten feet of him; then, seeing a dark object crouching on the sand, he stopped and looked in that direction and then deliberately walked up to it.

Yankee Doodle arose to his feet when the man reached within arm's length of him. The Spaniard stepped back a couple of paces as if very much surprised and exclaimed:

"Caramba! Who are you?"

Yankee Doodle, without making any reply, turned to walk away, not wishing to kill the man unless attacked.

He was not long left in doubt; for the Spaniard rushed at him and clutched him by the collar.

Quick as a flash Yankee Doodle let him have the dagger in the neck, which sent him reeling backward a few paces, where he sank down on the sand.

"What is it, Miguel?" came from the man in the boat.

"Now is my chance," thought Yankee Doodle; and he turned and walked leisurely toward the boat, guided by the light of the cigar which the man in it was smoking.

He walked up to the boat; and, instead of stepping into it, waded out into the water up to his knees to where the Spaniard was sitting in the stern.

Just as he reached the man the latter had evidently become suspicious, as he started to rise to his feet.

Yankee Doodle seized him by the collar, jerked him off his balance and landed him in the water face downward. Two or three paces farther and the water was up to his hips; there he succeeded in holding the man's head under, though he kicked and struggled violently for the space of a couple of minutes.

Then he ceased to struggle and Yankee Doodle knew he was no longer dangerous.

Turning around, he waded ashore and ran all the way up the hill to the old wall, where he said to the young girl:

"Come, *senorita*, we will go now."

"Si, *senor*," she replied; and he proceeded to assist her over the wall, after which they hurried down to the boat.

As they stepped into the little craft Yankee Doodle turned to the girl and said:

"Senorita, can you return home across the bay without going near any of the vessels of the fleet?"

"Si, senor," she replied.

"Then do so as quickly as you can, and without running any more risk that can be helped."

The girl sat down and proceeded to handle the oars with the same skill as before, and in a few moments they were skimming through the water like a duck.

Yankee Doodle glanced at the lights along the shore, and thought of the slaughter of the Virginia's crew, which took place there twenty-five years before, and mentally wished that when the city was captured by the army and fleet some sort of punishment could be inflicted for that barbarous transaction.

Twice on the way the little boat was forced to dodge merchant vessels that lay at anchor in the harbor, and also some small craft on which there was evidently nobody in charge.

Suddenly the young girl ceased rowing and waited in a listening attitude. The sound of oars was heard out on the right, and after the lapse of a minute or two she suddenly resumed rowing, pulling harder than ever. Some five minutes later she leaned back until her head almost touched Yankee Doodle's breast, and whispered to him:

"A boat is following us, senor."

"Are you sure, senorita?"

"Si, senor; I can see it right in our wake."

Yankee Doodle leaned forward and peered into the darkness, but could see nothing.

"I can't see it, senorita," he whispered; "you must be mistaken."

"But I can see it, senor."

"Very well, then, senorita; it won't do to let them follow us back to your home, as that would make trouble for you and your mother; so you had better run in ashore at the nearest point, where we can leave the boat."

"Si, senor," she replied; "but I would not like to lose the boat, as we could not get another."

"If you lose it, senorita, I'll buy you another."

Without uttering another word the girl steered the boat around to the left and pulled with all her might for the shore, which was less than a quarter of a mile away. By this time Yankee Doodle could hear the sound of oars from the pursuing boat, and yet he could not see it.

In a very few minutes the little boat struck the beach and they both sprang out. Scarcely had they struck the sand of the beach ere a shot was fired and a bullet whistled over the head of Yankee Doodle.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRAGEDY ON THE BEACH—YANKEE DOODLE FINDS THE SPANISH FLEET IN SANTIAGO HARBOR.

On hearing the shot, the girl wheeled and ran for the bushes about thirty or forty yards away, and Yankee Doodle followed her. Under cover of the bushes, he stopped and waited to see if those in the boat would follow.

As the other boat came up to the beach Yankee Doodle could dimly make out the shadowy forms of two or three men, and as he was peering at them from the bushes two

of them came in his direction. The girl pulled his arm, tremblingly whispering to him:

"Come away, senor."

"No," said he; "wait, senorita;" and he drew his revolver as he stood there watching the two men approaching.

Just as they reached the edge of the bushes he thrust the revolver in the face of the nearest one and fired.

Scarcely a second passed ere he did the same thing to the other. Both men fell without uttering a sound, and the next instant Yankee Doodle dashed across the sand in the direction of the boat.

There was one man in it, who evidently mistook him for one of his companions.

Yankee Doodle ran up to him and shot him through the head without the man's perceiving that he was an enemy.

"It's ugly work," said Yankee Doodle to himself; "but I'd kill a Spaniard every hour in the day rather than let one kill me," and with that he turned and walked back to the bushes, where he called out:

"Come, senorita; they are all dead now."

The girl emerged from the bushes, saying:

"Oh, senor, this is awful! I was never so frightened in all my life. Why didn't you come away and leave them?"

"Because, senorita, I was afraid they might find out whom the boat belonged to, and that would make trouble for you."

"But won't this make still more trouble, senor?" she asked.

"No, I think not. I will place these bodies in the boat and send it adrift, so it will never be known where they were killed."

He was quick to act, and inside of ten minutes he had dragged the two bodies from the edge of the woods, laid them in the boat, then asked her to get into her own and row out some distance from the shore.

He held on to the other boat, towing it until they were some two or three hundred yards from the beach, when he shoved it away, setting it adrift.

As the tide was running out, the boat soon disappeared in the direction of the Spanish fleet, after which he said to Marcia:

"Now, senorita, we will go home."

The girl again bent to the oars, and after going about a mile they reached the little landing place in front of her mother's hut.

As he stepped out of the boat and pulled it up on the beach, Yankee Doodle whispered to the girl:

"Say nothing to anyone about what has happened to-night—not even to your mother."

"No, senor, I'll never speak of it," and then she led the way around to the rear of the little hut, pushed open the door and led the way in.

It was pitch dark inside; so she took hold of his hand and led him into a small bedroom and placed his hand on the bed, saying:

"This is where you will sleep, senor; I will sleep with mother in the other room," and with that she turned away and glided out of the room.

Yankee Doodle being left alone in the dark, felt around the room until he found a chair. Then he quickly un-

dressed, and so spread his wet clothes over it as to permit them to dry quickly, after which he returned to the bed, laid down, and was soon fast asleep.

The next morning he was awake by daylight, and on getting up found that his clothes were thoroughly dry. He dressed himself, and again laid down on the bed to wait for the mother and daughter to show up.

The Cubans are not early risers, unless there is a necessity to call for it.

After lying there an hour or so he heard some one moving about in the other room, so he arose and gently knocked on the little door.

Marcia promptly appeared and greeted him with a cheerful:

"Good morning," followed with the query:

"Did you sleep well, senor?"

"Si, senorita, very well indeed."

"I never slept at all, senor," said she.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Oh, how could I? I was so nervous."

"Where is your mother?"

"She has gone to the village to get something for breakfast; she will soon be here now; but you must stay in that little room, senor, else some of the neighbors or their children will see you."

"Very well," he laughed; "I don't mind being in jail when I have such a pretty jailer to take care of me."

"Ah, Senor Americano! You should not talk that way to a poor girl like me."

"I mean no harm, senorita; but I'll tell you that you are the bravest little girl I ever knew, for not one in ten thousand would have shown the cool courage that you did last night, and I'm going to tell the commodore of the fleet all about you and the assistance you gave me in finding the Spanish squadron."

"But, Senor Americano, if the Spaniards find it out they will have me shot."

"I won't let them find it out, senorita, for I will tell no one until after we have destroyed the fleet and captured Santiago. I'm sure the commodore will reward you for what you have done, for you well deserve it."

Just then the mother returned with a basketful of provisions she had bought in the village, and she had scarcely placed the basket on the table ere her neighbors and their children came flocking in to see what she had brought back.

Marcia promptly closed the door of the inner room to prevent any of them from discovering the presence of the young American in the hut.

Through a small crevice in the frail partition Yankee Doodle could see them all in the other room, and his heart throbbed with the deepest sympathy for them, for every one, old and young, was ravenously hungry.

To his great gratification, he saw the good woman give away about half of her purchases in order to get rid of her visitors.

As soon as the last one had disappeared Marcia opened the door of the little room, while her mother closed the front door, saying as she did so:

"Come, senor; we will have breakfast now," and they sat

down to the little table, while the mother proceeded to make a pot of coffee.

The meal over, Yankee Doodle again retired to the little bedroom, where it was absolutely necessary for him to remain during the day if he wished to keep his presence concealed from the women and children of the other hut.

He fell asleep after a while, and he was not disturbed until past noon, when Marcia rushed into the little room, saying in a very frightened tone of voice:

"Senor, there is a boatload of soldiers coming this way!"

"What do you think they are after, senorita?" he asked.

"I don't know, senor."

"Do they often search the huts?" he asked.

"They have done so twice, senor."

"Then let me get out to the bushes, if I can do so without being seen."

"Come quick, then, senor," said she, and he sprang up and followed her to the back door of the hut.

There was a little open space of perhaps thirty feet between the hut and bushes, and he dashed across it at full speed and disappeared in the bushes beyond. He did not stop to look back, but kept on up the hill until he was several hundred yards away from the hut.

Then he stopped and sat down to listen. The woods was very thick all around him, and he could hear nothing but the singing of the birds overhead.

Suddenly the thought came to him that if he would follow the crest of that hill in the direction of the bay he might be able to get a clear view of the entire harbor of Santiago, and at the same time have a chance to see the boat return from which he had just fled.

No sooner had the thought occurred to him than he proceeded to put it into execution. He reasoned, and quite rightly too, that it could not be more than a mile from where he was to the west shore of the bay; so he pushed on, confident that he would have a chance to see the Spanish fleet by daylight.

After an hour of constant tramping and pushing his way through the bushes, he began to catch glimpses of Santiago on the hillsides of the eastern shore of the bay. A little farther on and he struck a spot at the foot of a big tree from which he had a bird's-eye view of the entire harbor.

"By George," he said, "this is fine. It is a beautiful scene, and one worth all the trouble it cost to see it. Away out there, down the bay on the other side are the forts that defend the entrance to the harbor; there's Smith Key out there; and there lies the Vizcaya. I remember her well, for I saw her when she visited New York before the war broke out; she's a splendid battleship. The others are good ones, too; but they'll all go to the bottom if the commodore can get a fair whack at them."

Then he turned and gazed out on the left, and could see a part of the line of breastworks which the Spaniards had thrown up to protect the city from attack in the rear.

He sat there for a couple of hours, regretting all the time that he had neglected to bring a spyglass with him, as he saw many things that he could not make out with the natural eye. But as the Spanish fleet was much nearer to him than the city, he had no difficulty in counting each battleship, cruiser, gunboat and torpedo boat.

After he had counted them, he studied each one of the battle ships very minutely in order that he might be able to give a good description of them to the commodore when he returned to the fleet.

When he had finished doing that, he arose to his feet and walked out into a little opening, where he could have been plainly seen from the Spanish ship had anyone turned a spyglass in his direction.

It was while standing there that he espied the rowboat filled with Spanish soldiers returning down into the bay.

"Ah," he said, "they must be the fellows from whom I ran away," and he watched the boat for nearly a mile to see if he could find if any of the women had been taken away. But at that distance he was unable to satisfy himself about it.

"I guess I'd better stay here," said he, "until about an hour before night, and then go back to Marcia and her mother. I can slip into the hut by the back way without running any risk of being seen by the children." So he sat down again at the base of the big tree and gazed out over the harbor an hour or two longer.

He was looking at one of the battleships, which lay about two miles away from where he sat, and saw a little white puff of smoke come from one of the small guns, and a moment or two later a three-inch shell came shrieking through the tops of the trees overhead.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "They have discovered me, and I must get away from here," and with that he ran back into the woods and began making his way in the direction of the little hut.

Another shell came shrieking through the woods high out on his right, but it didn't hurry his pace, for he could hardly go faster than he was going.

It began to grow dark just as he reached the bushes in the rear of the little group of huts. Parting the bushes on the edge of the clearing at the rear of the hut, he saw Marcia sitting in the door, as if watching for him.

A bright smile greeted him as he advanced, and she rose to her feet, saying:

"Come in, senor."

He entered the little hut, and she closed the door, saying as she did so:

"It was well you went away, senor, for the soldiers searched every house here."

"What were they looking for, senorita?" he asked.

"They did not say, senor, and we dared not ask them."

"Did they make any trouble here?"

"A soldier struck one of the children," she replied, "for getting in his way."

"Do you think they were looking for me, senorita?"

"No, senor; I think they were looking to see if any of our men had come home; but if you had been here in the house they would have found you."

"That's what I knew," he laughed, and then he proceeded to question her and her mother as to whether or not he could go to the village and work his way into the city of Santiago by following the main road.

"No, senor," said the mother; "the breastworks run right across that road. It will be much safer for you to cross the

bay. But you speak Spanish so poorly, senor, that they will soon catch you."

"Oh, I wouldn't talk to anybody," he laughed.

"Maybe you would have to," she returned.

"Senora, can you fit me out in an old dress of yours?" he suddenly asked.

"Senor, I have but two in the world," she replied.

"Let me have one of them, senora, and I will pay you enough for it to buy you two. Then I will have to hire your boat in which to row across the bay."

"I will row you across, senor," said Marcia.

"My dear senorita," said he, turning upon her, "I fear it is too dangerous for you."

"I'm not afraid to go with you, Senor Americano."

"Well, so be it then, senorita."

CHAPTER VI.

YANKEE DOODLE IS CAPTURED BY THE SPANIARDS—"YOU TALK LIKE A FOOL."

Yankee Doodle waited in the dark in the little bedroom of the Cuban hut until the dress he intended to use was brought to him. After trying it on, he found it utterly impossible to use it, as he was taller than the woman, and having nothing else to help out the disguise in other ways, he was compelled to abandon the idea.

Then he asked Marcia if her father had a suit of old clothes that he could use.

"No, senor," she laughed; "all the clothes he has in the world are on his back."

"In that case," said he, "he is no better off than I am, for all that I have with me are on my back."

"Aye, senor," said she; "but you have more elsewhere."

"So I have," he assented; "but they can do me no good just now. I guess I'll have to go just as I am."

"There are a great many people in Santiago, senor, who are dressed very much as you are."

"Then I'll go just as I am, senorita; but I think, though, that if I had an old hat that would come down well over my face no one would be so apt to notice me."

"I can get you one, senor," said she; and she ran out of the little hut, and was gone about ten minutes, bringing with her a wide-brimmed fisherman's hat which had evidently seen much service. She had borrowed it from one of the neighbors.

"This will do," said Yankee Doodle, trying on the hat; "I don't think anyone would notice me with this on, even if I passed well into the light. I'm ready to go now if you are."

"I'm ready, senor," she replied; and they were about to leave the hut, when a man quietly slipped in through the back door, closing it behind him, and a voice called:

"Anita!"

"Oh, it's you, Tomas!" said the mother, and the next moment her arms were around his neck.

"It is father," whispered Marcia to Yankee Doodle, who stood there with the girl by his side watching the greeting between husband and wife.

Then Marcia went up to her father and welcomed him with a kiss, after which she said, speaking rapidly but in a low tone of voice:

"Father, when you left us at the spring yesterday two Spanish soldiers caught mother and me, and would have abused us, if not murdered us, but for a young Americano, who slew them both and saved us. He is here now," and with that she led him up to Yankee Doodle, saying to the latter:

"This is my father."

"Senor Americano," said the Cuban, "I thank you for protecting my wife and daughter, for they are very dear to me."

"Thank you, senor," said Yankee Doodle; "I'm glad that I was near enough to render them assistance. I was within a few paces of them when you met them at the spring. I saw you leave them, and I followed in time to save them from the two brutal Spaniards. I had seen and heard enough to assure me that you were a Cuban patriot fighting for the republic."

"Si, senor, so I am."

"Well, senor, as you know, the American fleet is off the entrance to the harbor, and I have come ashore to find out for a certainty whether or not the Spanish fleet is here."

"It is here, senor," said the Cuban.

"So it is; I have seen it; and now, before I return to the fleet, I'd like to find out something about the fortifications around the city, as well as the state of affairs within."

"That is easy enough to do," said Tomas; "I can show you all around on the outside, but it is very dangerous to venture into the city."

"I know that full well, senor," replied Yankee Doodle; "and I do not wish to run any unnecessary risks. I was out on the bay last night and was pursued, but your daughter had me in her boat and she handled the oars so skilfully that we managed to escape."

Marcia was listening, and noticed that he made no mention of his having killed the three men who pursued him. She did not herself know anything about the death of the two men who were slain on the eastern shore of the bay an hour or two earlier.

"Marcia handles the oars well, Senor Americano," remarked the Cuban, with a bit of fatherly pride.

"So she does, senor; better than anyone I ever knew."

Then, after further conversation, the Cuban suggested to Yankee Doodle that instead of crossing the bay to the city that night he should wait and accompany him to the insurgent camp early the next morning, and Yankee Doodle finally decided to do so.

Tomas informed him that they would have to leave the house before daylight in order to avoid being seen by Spanish patrols who were passing to and fro during the day to a point on the hills where a watch on the fleet was kept.

Yankee Doodle then retired to the little room, where he laid down to sleep until summoned by Tomas himself when he was ready to start.

It was some time before daylight when Tomas called him, and after partaking of a light breakfast the senora had prepared for them they started out on the journey.

The Cuban led off, with Yankee Doodle close at his heels, enjoining profound silence until they had passed well beyond the road leading to the watch hill.

Then the first word that passed between them, which

was just as the sun was rising, was a question asked by the Cuban:

"Senor Americano, will your government send an army to Cuba?"

"Si, senor," replied Yankee Doodle; "they will send two—one on the north shore, another on the south side, and still another will go to Porto Rico."

"Sancti Maria!" exclaimed the Cuban, wheeling around and confronting him. "Is that true, senor?"

"Si, senor, it is true. America will drive Spain out of the West Indies."

The old Cuban was electrified with the news. It seemed to renew his strength and raise his spirits to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

"Then Cuba will be free!" he exclaimed.

"Si, senor; the President has already said in his proclamation of war that the Cubans alone should govern Cuba."

"Come, senor!" exclaimed Tomas, "I must carry the news to my comrades," and he made such rapid progress through the woods that it was only by violent exertion that Yankee Doodle was enabled to keep up with him.

By and by they struck a road that passed behind the village of Caimenes, and they followed that for a couple of hours until they came across some of the scouts of the insurgent force encamped still farther out in that direction.

A little later Yankee Doodle reported to a Cuban officer, to whom he explained his mission.

"I am very glad to see you," said the officer, "and will do what I can to enable you to gather the information you are in search of. I can tell you this much, though, that General Pando is strengthening the fortifications around Santiago as rapidly as possible, and if the attack is delayed much longer it will require a big army to capture the city."

"That is what I wish to find out," said Yankee Doodle. "The fleet now at the mouth of the harbor can take care of Morro Castle and all the forts on the hills thereabouts, and destroy Cervera's fleet if he undertakes to go out."

The Cuban officer then sent him to the headquarters of the Cuban force, some three or four miles farther on, where the general lost no time in furnishing him with an escort to accompany him all along the entire front of the Spanish fortifications.

Yankee Doodle found that strong earthworks extending for several miles completely encircled the city, from the bay on the north side clear around to the fortifications down on the seashore.

He also found about three thousand insurgents scattered along the front, establishing a thorough blockade, thus cutting off supplies to the city from the country.

The entire day was spent in gathering this information, and when night came on Yankee Doodle was very tired. He slept at the headquarters, and was made quite comfortable, considering the circumstances.

In conversation with the officers at the general's headquarters, Yankee Doodle carefully avoided letting anyone know that he was the youth whom the Cubans on the north side knew by the name of "Yankee Doodle," as he did not wish to let the Spaniards know that he was with Schley's fleet, for he knew that special orders had been given by

Blanco for his capture. So he left the headquarters of the insurgent forces without letting anyone know his identity.

With a party of half a dozen Cubans he was making his way to the outpost on the extreme right of the Cuban line of operations, where he expected to meet the old Cuban Tomas and accompany him back to the latter's home some time during the night.

They were moving quietly along the road when they heard the sound of a party of horsemen some little distance in advance of them, whom they at once took to be Cuban scouts returning.

When they came in sight, not more than fifty yards away, round a bend in the road, they were thunderstruck at finding themselves face to face with a squadron of Spanish cavalry.

They instantly broke for cover, but about there the forest was not so dense as to afford them the shelter it otherwise would have done, and almost instantly they found themselves entirely surrounded by the Spaniards.

Seeing no chance of escape, Yankee Doodle resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible; so he drew his revolver, backed up against a tree and began firing.

His aim was deadly, and in less than five seconds' time three cavalymen had tumbled out of their saddles.

Then they began firing at him, whereupon he boldly advanced toward nearly a dozen of them with a revolver in each hand, firing right and left, and five more Spaniards tumbled from their saddles.

A rush from behind by some Spaniards who had dismounted overpowered him; he was hurled to the ground and made a prisoner without having received any injury other than the rough usage necessary to his capture.

"You are Americano," sung out a Spanish captain.

"So I am, captain."

"What are you doing here?" the officer demanded.

"Fighting Spain," was the bold reply.

"Well, then, you have fought your last fight," exclaimed the captain.

"If I have, I hope I've done well," was his quiet reply, looking around at the men whom his deadly aim had knocked out of their saddles.

"Caramba!" exclaimed the officer in a rage; "you shall die for this!"

"Well, what of that, senor captain? an American soldier is not afraid to die."

"Neither are Spaniards," retorted the captain.

"Very true, captain, the Spaniards are brave enough."

"Whose command do you belong to?" the captain asked.

"I'm with General Garcia's command at the present time."

"Where is General Garcia?"

"Excuse me, captain; I can give you no information."

The Cubans who had been captured with him took their cue from him, and would answer no questions. One of their number, however, was recognized by the Spaniards as one whom they had been ordered repeatedly to catch, and shoot without delay, as he had been very successful in repeatedly running the blockade, and thus entering the city as a spy in quest of information of the insurgent chiefs.

The moment the captain was informed that the Cuban spy was among the prisoners he became exultant, and at once ordered the man to be shot—on hearing which Yankee Doodle sung out:

"Captain, that man is a prisoner of war, and under the rules of war you have no right to shoot him."

"He is a spy," hotly retorted the captain.

"So he would be, inside your lines," returned Yankee Doodle, "but not outside of them. A soldier ceases to be a spy when he leaves the enemy's lines."

"He has not left our lines," said the Spanish officer. "He is within our lines now—the entire island of Cuba is in Spanish lines."

"You talk like a fool!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle. "You know nothing about the rules of war."

CHAPTER VII.

DARING ESCAPE FROM THE SPANIARDS—AFLOAT ON A PLANK.

To say that the Spanish officer was astonished at the bold language of Yankee Doodle would be putting it very mildly indeed. He was dumfounded, and for a few moments glared at the young prisoner, with his hand on the hilt of his sword, as though half inclined to run him through. Then he blurted out:

"Your position as a prisoner protects you, sir."

"Oh, no, captain; it is a custom of Spanish officers to kill prisoners of war. You know well that man out there cannot, under the rules of war, be held as a spy."

The captain made no reply, but turned to a subordinate officer and ordered the young American to be placed under a strong guard.

Ten minutes later Yankee Doodle heard a volley fired, and knew that the Cuban prisoner had been shot. He turned to the other prisoners at his side and quietly asked the name of the victim.

"His name is Miguel Ramon, senor," said the Cuban. Then Yankee Doodle turned to one of the guards and inquired the name of the Spanish captain; but before the guard could answer one of the prisoners spoke up and answered the question:

"His name is Durando, senor."

"Very well; we'll remember that name," remarked Yankee Doodle; and at that point the guard instantly ordered them to cease talking.

The Spanish officer sent the prisoners back under a strong guard of about twenty-five cavalymen, after which he proceeded up the road in the direction he was going when he met Yankee Doodle's party.

The guard hurried the prisoners forward very rapidly, and within half an hour they reached the Spanish lines.

The presence of an American among the prisoners was a matter of no little interest to the officers and soldiers in the breastworks, many of whom crowded around and hurled all sorts of sneers, taunts and insults at him.

Yankee Doodle kept up a bold front and merely smiled at them, saying nothing to anyone, save when spoken to by an officer. A Spanish major, who seemed to be a little more of a gentleman than the others, spoke pleasantly to him, asking him:

"Who are you?"

"I'm simply an American youth, major," was the reply.

"Do you belong to the insurgent command?" the major asked.

"No," was the reply. "I belong to the American fleet."

"What are you doing here then?" inquired the major.

"I was sent on shore by the commodore to communicate with the officers of the Cuban army."

"Are you in the United States service?" was the next question.

"I am, major, and therefore a prisoner of war."

"The guards say that you are a spy," said the major.

Yankee Doodle looked at him and laughed, saying:

"I was captured a couple of miles back there, outside of your lines, major, and I believe these breastworks are at present the line of your army. If you choose to treat me as a spy, you will assume a very great risk, because you will find the United States much better able to retaliate than the Cuban forces are."

"That is a question for a court-martial to decide," said the major.

"Oh, yes," laughed Yankee Doodle; "we have court-martials occasionally too."

The major was quite taken with the cool nonchalance of the young American, and accompanied him to the headquarters of General Lenares. The general at once proceeded to ask the prisoner a great many questions about the American fleet.

"Oh, I don't mind telling you, general," laughed Yankee Doodle, "all about our fleet out there at the mouth of the harbor, for Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley are amply able to take care of the water front.

"Oh, you think that, do you?" said the general.

"I not only think so," he laughed, "but every man on board the fleet knows so, for we have the Spanish fleet bottled up so that it can't get away, and we are going to take our time about capturing or destroying it."

The Spanish general and his staff laughed heartily at the frank confidence of the youth, and continued to ply him with questions.

"Where is the American army?" one of them asked.

"One of them is on the way to Santiago," he replied, "thirty thousand strong."

The general seemed incredulous, but coolly asked:

"What time are they expected to arrive?"

"Excuse me, General," he laughed, "that would be telling; and I'm not here to tell you anything that our side don't want you to know."

"I don't think you know much about it," retorted the general.

"Then what are you quizzing me so for?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"Simply to find out how much you do know."

"Well, let me tell you, General: I don't think that Spain has a corkscrew big enough to pull anything out of me that I don't wish to give up."

"How about pulling your life out of you?" he was asked.

"Oh, we all understand that," he replied. "That is something we expect from savages all over the world."

"Oh, you consider Spaniards savages, eh?"

Yankee Doodle simply laughed in a boyish kind of a way that was really tantalizing, but made no other answer.

He was sent away under guard down into the heart of the city, and as he marched along through the streets he saw a great deal of the city that he really wished to see.

He could see the fleet as it lay at anchor in the harbor and other vessels alongside of the wharves. Hundreds and hundreds of soldiers were strolling about the town; but it was the populace—and particularly the black women—who sung out on seeing him:

"Kill the Americano!"

"Shoot the American pig!"

"Cut him down!"

The guard was sufficiently strong to protect him, and in a little while he was landed safely within an old fortress at the lower end of the city, where he was placed in a cell by himself.

"Well," said Yankee Doodle, when he found himself alone in a Spanish prison, "they've got me at last, and they may shoot me; but if I show the white feather when I face their rifles I hope I may be kicked out of heaven. It's just as easy to show a bold front as it is to weaken, and if I've got to die, I'll die game; but it is confoundingly vexing to be gobbled up this way just as the war is beginning to warm up."

He had been several hours in the prison when the door was opened and two Spanish officers entered, one of whom seemed to be of high rank. He asked him his name, which he gave, but did not mention "Yankee Doodle" at all; and in reply to questions said he had come ashore to communicate with the Cuban forces.

"Were you sent on shore by any officer?"

"I was," he frankly admitted; "I went straight to the headquarters of the Cuban army, and was on my way back when I was captured."

After putting a good many more questions to him, the two officers went away and his cell door was again locked, and he remained there in solitary confinement for three days, seeing no one save the jailer who brought his food to him.

During that three days he often heard the great guns of the fort exchanging shots with the fleet some miles down below the city, but he was unable to form any idea of what was going on by the number of shots that he heard.

Finally his cell door was opened and an officer entered, who ordered him to immediately follow him out. Outside was found a file of soldiers. It was night, and judging from the lack of lights in the houses in sight, he surmised that it was midnight or later.

The soldiers immediately surrounded him and marched him through several of the dark streets of the city.

In passing through some parts of the city the street was very dark, and Yankee Doodle looked about him in the hope of being able to find some spot where, under the cover of darkness, he could bolt away and take the chances of being hit by a bullet from the guard.

At last he recognized a spot where he had been a few nights before with Senorita Marcia, when they both hid behind an old ruined wall. They were carrying him past that place, and then he knew that they were going in the

direction of the fortifications down near the mouth of the harbor.

He was in great doubt as to why he was being sent there, and he became half suspicious that he was being taken there for a military execution, as the prison from which he had just been taken was strong enough to hold him, if safety was what was required.

They passed the old wall, and then Yankee Doodle remembered that as he sat on the high hill on the west side of the bay a few days before gazing at the Spanish fleet as it lay at anchor in the harbor, he remembered seeing a road near the water's edge leading down to the fort at the entrance to the harbor.

He was on that road now going in that direction.

"Now, my boy," he thought to himself, "when we get down to where the channel is narrow, and the chance occurs for you to so do, plunge into the water and take the chances of the bullets striking you. These fellows may not be able to shoot any better than a woman can throw a stone. I think they mean to shoot me in the morning anyhow, so I guess that there will be a little more satisfaction in being shot while trying to escape."

He kept that idea in his mind all the way down, and by and by they reached a point where he knew the channel was not more than three or four hundred yards wide.

Watching for his opportunity when he could make a good dash for the water, he soon found it.

At that place the road was within fifty feet of the water's edge. At the proper moment he made a quick dash, and had actually struck the water ere the astonished guards thought to fire. Then every one of them blazed away in the direction of the splash, and several bullets whizzed so close by him that one of them cut a scrap of hair from his head, while another knocked his hat off, which went floating seaward with the current.

He struck out boldly for the opposite shore, and the Spaniards behind him kept firing in the dark, while the officer in command made the air sulphurous with his profanity.

There were no boats in which he could be pursued, so the officers and guards yelled at the tops of their voices for one of the warships to turn its flashlight down the channel.

Luckily for Yankee Doodle, the nearest warship was more than two miles away, so he chuckled quietly to himself and continued swimming with all his might.

The current was quite strong, so that his course, instead of being straight, was turned diagonally from the point he wished to make.

He was soon out of sight of the shore he had left, and yet could not see the shore he was making for. Hence he naturally followed the current, and for more than an hour he pulled with steady strokes, all the while listening and watching.

"By George," he said to himself, "I must be going wrong, for I know that the channel where I entered the water was not more than three or four hundred yards wide, and yet I know I've been swimming more than a mile. I must bear off to the right, for the guards are out on my left," and he turned in that direction, and kept it up for some twenty minutes or more. Then the shore loomed up in sight.

"Ah, I'm safe now," he muttered, swimming forward very much relieved.

Objects on shore seemed to loom up quickly, and in another moment he was horrified at finding himself directly in front of the shore batteries, for he could see the form of a sentinel marching back and forth on the parapet.

"Oh, no," he muttered to himself; "not this place, but some other place," and he turned and continued down the channel, taking particular care to make no splash in the water, lest it be heard by the sentinel.

Suddenly he ran against a plank or piece of timber—he knew not which. He caught hold of it, and found that it was a piece of timber a foot wide and some three inches thick, and feeling along the length of it with his hands, he found that it was anchored to something by a small rope.

"This must be a long piece of timber," he thought, "and I guess it'll do me for a buoy." So he took his pocket-knife, severed the rope that held the plank, and it floated away on the current with him.

"It's lucky for me," he muttered, "that the tide is going out; and it'll be lucky also if this plank will take me out to the fleet. It's my only chance, and I'm going to cling to it."

He lay flat on the plank, using both hands to guide it, so that it would not get too close to the shore on his right, and thus managed to keep almost out of sight of the shore batteries.

Several times he was near enough to hear voices in conversation on his right.

"If daylight should come before I've passed old Morro," he said to himself, "I'm a goner, because they can pick me up."

But one, two and three hours passed, and the stars were still shimmering overhead; but away out in front of him, some four or five miles away, he could see the lights of the American fleet.

"Ah," he says, "there they are; I must be outside the channel, and I don't know whether the tide will push me on toward them or not," so he clung to the plank with a dogged pertinacity.

Suddenly a flashlight from one of the ships swept over the surface of the water, and soon he was within the circle of the light.

He raised himself up on the plank as high as he could, and, not having any hat to wave, he took his wet pocket-handkerchief and waved it wildly above his head.

His signal was evidently seen on board the ship, for the light was held steadily on him, as if to give the officers a chance to investigate him.

Suddenly a shot was fired from one of the forts behind him, and a shell went shrieking some fifty feet over his head.

"Oh, hello!" he said; "they have seen me from the shore, but they can't hit anybody."

"Boom!" came another shot, and a shell splashed the water off on his right, ricocheting over the surface into the darkness beyond.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, "are they going to hold a light for the Spaniards to shoot at me?"

Then a third shot came, and the shell whistled so closely over his head that he felt the wind of it.

"Well, shoot me for a seagull!" he exclaimed; "if I don't believe they are trying to let the Spaniards sink me," and he again waved the wet handkerchief above his head.

Suddenly he heard the puffing of a steamer a little off to his right, and he waited quietly for developments, not knowing whether it was friend or foe.

"Ahoy, there!" came a voice out of the darkness at his right in good old-fashioned United States English.

"Ahoy yourself! Why don't you pick me up?" he sung out.

"What are you doing out there?" came back.

"Trying to keep afloat till you pick me up," he replied; "ask me some more blame fool questions."

He heard a laugh, followed by the lowering of a boat, and he knew that he would be picked up.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOMBARDMENT—YANKEE DOODLE HEADS OFF A SPANISH TORPEDO BOAT.

As Yankee Doodle lay on the plank waiting for the appearance of the boat he noticed signals passing from a vessel a short distance from him, which were answered by the one from which the flashlight came, and in a few moments the light went out and he was left in the dark.

"Well, I'm glad they doused that glim," he said to himself, and then he sung out:

"Hurry up with that boat, for the sharks are worse than the Spaniards!"

"Aye, aye, sir," came a voice; "we are coming," and a few moments later he saw a rowboat filled with marines a few fathoms away from him.

"Here, this way!" he sung out, and the boat turned and came alongside him.

"Give me a hand here," he said, and in another moment he was pulled into the boat.

"Who are you, sir?" he was asked by one of the boat's crew.

"I'm an American boy from Santiago," he replied.

"I didn't know there were any in there," said the other.

"I guess there isn't now," he answered.

The men bent to the oars, and after some fifteen or twenty minutes they were alongside a gunboat. He was lifted on deck, where the captain met him, who exclaimed:

"Bless my soul, it's Yankee Doodle!"

"Yes," was the reply; "I am the boy that some ship out there in the fleet held a light that the Spaniards might see how to shoot."

"That light came from the New York," said the captain, "and it was to enable me to find you."

"It set me up as a target for the Spaniards too."

"Oh, well," laughed the captain, "they can't hit anything."

"What difference does that make," Yankee Doodle asked, "whether a shell hits him or scares him to death?"

"Scare your grandmother!" exclaimed the captain. "They can't scare anybody on board this fleet."

"That's all right, captain, only I wasn't on board the fleet. I was out there on a plank with a whole drove of sharks poking their noses at me and splashing water in my face with their tails."

"Were there really any sharks?" the captain asked.

"Plenty of them," was the reply; "and I had to lie flat on the plank so they couldn't swallow me without swallowing that too."

"See here, my boy, are you guying me?" the captain laughed.

"Well, if you don't believe me, just jump overboard there; I'll bet I towed every shark in the harbor out to sea, and they are the worst puzzled lot of fish since the whale swallowed Jonah. You remember that story, don't you, captain?"

The captain and the men about him roared with laughter. Signals were flashed to the flagship from the gunboat, conveying to the commodore that Yankee Doodle had been picked up on a plank on which he had come out of the harbor of Santiago.

"Send him aboard at once," was the order flashed back from the flagship, and the gunboat immediately turned and steamed in that direction.

Half an hour later Yankee Doodle was landed on the deck and cordially welcomed by the commodore and all the officers.

"Glad to see you, Yankee Doodle," exclaimed the commodore as he grasped his hand; "why didn't you signal for a boat instead of coming out on a plank?"

"I didn't have any flashlight to signal with; besides when I started on the plank I was where you couldn't have seen my signal."

The commodore led him into his cabin, followed by the captain and the lieutenant, where he asked him:

"Did you see the Spanish fleet?"

"I did, sir; it is in there riding quietly at anchor."

"Did you see it yourself?"

"Aye, sir; both in the daytime and at night."

"Thank you, my boy; you have solved the problem. Now go to your quarters, put on some dry clothes, and then come back and tell us the story of your adventures."

"Thank you, commodore. I'm as empty inside as a whiskey bottle after it has passed around the board; so if you can let the steward know, maybe I can fill up and be strong enough to tell you what I've found out."

"There'll be plenty of grub for you when you have changed your clothes," laughed the captain.

It didn't take him long to make the change, and a few minutes after he had done so he sat down to the first square meal that had confronted him since he went ashore from the gunboat.

When he had fully satisfied his hunger, he again repaired to the commodore's quarters, where for more than two hours he entertained the officers of the ship with a recital of his adventures on shore.

They listened with more interest to his story than to any they had ever heard before in their lives. He made no attempt at embellishment, but confined himself to the strict.

truth in plain, simple language, and when he had finished the commodore grasped his hand, saying as he did so:

"My boy, you have performed the most heroic feat so far in this war, and I congratulate you upon it. You have solved the vexed question concerning the Spanish fleet, and now we shall know what to do."

"Thank you, commodore. I hope that that little Cuban girl will not be forgotten, for she deserves a gold medal if ever anyone in the world did."

"So she does, my boy," returned the commodore, "and I will see that she is duly rewarded."

Then he plied the youth with many questions concerning the fortifications in the rear of the city, as well as those inside the harbor just behind Morro Castle and La Socapa.

Feeling very much exhausted, Yankee Doodle retired to his quarters and was soon sound asleep. He awoke the next morning to find himself the most talked-of individual in the entire fleet. The news of his adventures had gone from ship to ship, and the crews were cheering his name every time it was mentioned.

Soon after breakfast he went into the conning tower of the flagship with the commodore and pointed out to him where certain batteries were whose positions could not be seen from the deck of the ship.

As the result of his discoveries on shore Commodore Schley lost no time in communicating with the government at Washington, and stating to the Secretary of the Navy that he had positive information that Cervera's fleet was in the harbor at Santiago. The government immediately cabled the information to Rear Admiral Sampson, who at once proceeded to join the commodore's Flying Squadron for the purpose of commencing operations against the forts and batteries at the mouth of the harbor.

It was finally decided on a bombardment in order to test the skill of the Spanish gunners, as well as unmask some batteries along the shore. The bombardment was to begin the next day, and when the time set for it arrived Yankee Doodle was alongside of the commodore on the bridge of the Brooklyn. The other ironclads of the fleet were to follow the flagship as it sailed past the mouth of the harbor and deliver their broadsides in succession.

He was standing by the commodore's side when the first shot was fired from one of the great 13-inch guns. It made a frightful roar, and the mountains back of Santiago, rising some seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, echoed the report from peak to peak, as if trying to send it along the entire length of the island.

Then another thirteen-inch gun broke loose, and Yankee Doodle saw the shell strike against the face of the wall that crowned the heights to the right of the entrance of the harbor, tearing a great gap and sending huge stones flying high in the air.

"That was a good one," he exclaimed. "A few more like it will tear that wall away."

Two more shots from the flagship, and the majestic vessel passed on to give way to the Iowa under "Fighting Bob Evans." As she passed out from behind the dense cloud of powder smoke, Yankee Doodle caught a glimpse of a Spanish armored ship which had come down into the channel to assist the land batteries.

"Ah, there's the Christobel Colon, commodore!" he cried, pointing to the Spanish ship.

"Are you sure that is the Cristobal Colon?" the commodore asked.

"Aye, sir; I know every ship in that fleet at sight."

The commodore immediately signaled to the Iowa to pay her respects to the Spanish warship, and in less than a couple of minutes a great thirteen-inch shell from the Iowa went shrieking and howling through the air at the Spaniard. It struck him a terrific blow and glanced off.

"Good! Good!" exclaimed the commodore, who saw the shot from the deck of the flagship.

The Iowa's second shot exploded almost under the bow of the Colon. Then the battleship, circling around, gave way to the one following; and so the terrific bombardment went on—each vessel passing in front of the forts and delivering her broadside in succession.

When the flagship came around again the commodore ordered the gunners to aim at the Cristobal Colon, which they promptly did, making it so hot for the Spaniard that she was forced to withdraw.

Then the vessels of the American fleet turned their guns on Morro and the other forts and batteries along shore.

One of the forts, which was a fairer target than any of the others, was soon knocked to pieces and every gun silenced. But grim old Morro and the guns of La Socapa kept up the fire with a bulldog pertinacity; yet it was plainly to be seen from the deck of the ship that the American gunners were doing frightful execution.

During the bombardment a number of batteries were unmasked, much to the commodore's satisfaction; and soon after he ordered the firing to cease.

As the Iowa circled around and got out of the clouds of smoke that obscured the vision in front of the fort, "Fighting Bob Evans" seized a megaphone and sung out to the commodore, more than half a mile away:

"The Spaniards didn't hit a d—n thing but the ocean; and they hit that because they couldn't miss it."

On investigation it was ascertained that not a man had been hurt on the American fleet, nor had any damage been done to any of the ships. The constant moving of the American ships while firing disconcerted the aim of the Spanish gunners, while the American gunners were trained to fire while the ship was in motion; hence the deadly effect of their fire.

Of course it could not be ascertained what the losses of the Spaniards were, but the damage to their works could plainly be seen from the decks of the fleet.

During the fight Yankee Doodle had nothing to do but to accompany the commodore wherever he went and watching the fight as it progressed. But as soon as it was ended he had an itching desire to again go ashore and find out the effects of the bombardment, and he suggested to the commodore that he be permitted to do so.

"That would be an unnecessary risk, my boy," said the commodore.

"I hardly think they can catch me again, sir," replied Yankee Doodle.

"Maybe not, but the risk is unnecessary," and Yankee Doodle saw that it was useless to push the request at that time, and so he desisted. But later in the day he suggested

it to the captain of the flagship, who shook his head and remarked:

"The Spaniards will give you credit for this bombardment, as it followed so closely after your escape from them, and if they get you in their clutches again they will dispose of you with very little ceremony. There is nothing to be gained by such a perilous adventure, hence I don't believe the commodore would consent to it."

Night came on, and the fleet spread out in front of the entrance to the harbor, keeping their flashlights flashing in every direction, so that nothing could pass out without being seen.

It was a little before midnight when Yankee Doodle took a stroll on deck of the flagship just before retiring and was scanning the shore with a spyglass.

Suddenly he espied, moving along close to the shore, a dark object not unlike a huge log in the water. It was moving too fast, though, to be a log; hence his suspicion was aroused.

Just at that moment the light flashed off in another direction, and the dark object he had noticed could no longer be seen.

"I'll bet my rations for a month," he said to himself, "that it is a Spanish torpedo boat making for that ship out there," and he made a dash for the captain's quarters, which officer he startled with the exclamation:

"Captain, a Spanish torpedo boat is creeping up on the Texas, and I don't believe they have seen her!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the captain, springing to his feet and hurrying to the bridge, with Yankee Doodle close behind him.

"Which way was it?" he hurriedly asked.

"Close under the shore out there, sir; if you turn the light you can see it."

The captain instantly ordered the light turned in that direction, and when it was done he espied the dark object which had struck Yankee Doodle's attention. He recognized it as a torpedo boat.

He instantly signaled the officers of the Texas:

"Smash that torpedo boat between you and the shore."

Instantly the light from the Texas flashed along the shore and the torpedo boat was sighted. The next moment every gun on that side of the huge battleship broke loose, sending an iron storm in the direction of the little craft.

CHAPTER X.

SENORITA MARCIA'S MISSION—YANKEE DOODLE GOES ASHORE AGAIN.

Scarcely had the roar of the guns of the Texas died away ere a volley burst from one of the ships beyond her. Water was splashed all over the little torpedo craft; but when she was seen again through the cloud of smoke she was making straight for the Texas at full speed.

The Texas presented a fair mark, as she was lying broadside to her, and a feeling of fear crept into the heart of many an officer as he watched the fight.

As quickly as possible the Texas opened on the torpedo boat with every gun she could bring to bear, but the craft was so small that not a shot touched it, and had not the Spaniard's heart failed him he might have sent the great battleship to the bottom. As it was, when within five

hundred yards of the Texas the torpedo boat made a sharp turn and ran for the harbor again at her top speed, without having discharged a torpedo.

Everybody on board the fleet drew a breath of relief; the shells flew thick and fast about the little craft, yet it escaped unharmed.

Yankee Doodle was standing by the side of the captain of the flagship, an eye-witness of the whole proceeding. The officer turned to him with the remark:

"You see how necessary it is to keep a strict watch, my boy, for if you had not discovered that torpedo boat the Texas would probably have gone to the bottom."

"And I wasn't on watch, either," laughed Yankee Doodle; "all the same those fellows on the Texas owe me a treat."

"The whole United States owes you one," said the captain, "and I'm going to let them know it."

Yankee Doodle laughed, bade the captain good-night and retired to his quarters. The captain signaled to the Texas by a flashlight that they were indebted to Yankee Doodle for the timely discovery of the torpedo boat.

"Send him over here," came back from the Texas, "and we'll make it lively for him for a while."

"He has just retired," flashed back the captain.

"Kindly tender our thanks to him before he goes to sleep," and the captain took the trouble to go to Yankee Doodle's quarters and tell him what the captain of the Texas had said.

"Much obliged to you, captain," said he; "I feel good over it."

Early the next morning Yankee Doodle was pacing the deck of the flagship, when the commodore approached him, laid a hand on his shoulder, with the remark:

"We owe you a great debt, my boy."

"Thank you, commodore; I'm very glad to get a chance to have a hand in this thing, as I don't belong to the fleet, you know."

"Indeed, my dear boy, you belong to both the army and the navy; if I had a gunboat without a commander, I'd give it to you."

"Jerusalem, commodore!" Yankee Doodle exclaimed; "if I had a little torpedo boat I'd slip through that channel out there on some dark night and send one of those Spanish warships to the bottom."

"Do you think you could do it?" the commodore asked.

"I'd try it, anyhow," was the reply. "If I had a balloon I'd sail over there and drop some dynamite on them."

The commodore laughed and remarked:

"Balloons don't always go the way you want them to."

"Neither does a man on foot," replied Yankee Doodle, "as I found on my trip on shore. But I'd try it, all the same."

"I believe you would," said the commodore, smiling.

"You can bet all the guns on this ship I would."

The Texas was lying off about half a mile from the flagship while the commodore was talking with Yankee Doodle on deck, when a voice through a megaphone came over the waters:

"Is Yankee Doodle on board there?"

One of the lieutenants of the flagship snatched up a megaphone and replied:

"Yes; here he is," and he took Yankee Doodle by the arm, so that he could be seen from the deck of the Texas.

"The battleship Texas wishes to salute him," and a minute or so later the salute was given by dipping the flag.

Yankee Doodle blushed like a schoolgirl, and exclaimed: "What in thunder can I say to that, lieutenant?"

"Here, take this megaphone," was the reply, "and thank the captain."

Yankee Doodle took the megaphone and placed it to his lips:

"I thank you, captain, from the bottom of my heart. Give every man on board a glass of grog and charge it to Uncle Sam."

The lieutenant roared with laughter, as did the commodore, who was standing back a few paces, and in a moment the answer came back from the captain of the Texas:

"I'll do it, my boy, and all hands shall drink to your health."

"By George!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, "I wish I was over there to get some of it myself."

"Come to my quarters," said the lieutenant; "I've got something better than they will get over there," and he led the way to his quarters, followed by Yankee Doodle, where he took a small bottle of wine from his chest, opened it, and the two took a drink together.

"I'm not in the habit of drinking," said Yankee Doodle, "but I guess that'll do me good after the soaking I got in the water last night."

The public recognition of his services by the captain of the big battleship was very gratifying to Yankee Doodle, and he felt good over it all day.

In the middle of the afternoon a gunboat was sent cruising along the shore to the west on the lookout for Spanish batteries, and Yankee Doodle, who was well acquainted with the captain, requested permission to go with him. As he had no assignment, permission was granted, and he was very promptly transferred to the gunboat. It was the same one which put him ashore when he made his trip to Santiago, and he and the captain had an extremely pleasant hour talking over the adventures of his trip.

While they were sitting on the deck conversing Yankee Doodle kept his eye on the crest of the hills looking for the Spanish outlook which he found when he was up there himself.

He saw an opening where a few trees had been cut away, and asked the captain for his spyglass. After gazing for a minute or two, he recognized the spot, and told the captain what it was. The captain himself took a look at it, and remarked:

"I see half a dozen soldiers there now; I'll send a shell up that way just to see them scamper;" so he turned to the gunner, pointed the spot out to him, and told him to do his best to drop a shell right there.

The gunner was one of the most skilful in the fleet. He sighted the gun very deliberately, and then sent a four-inch shell in that direction. The shell exploded right in the little opening, and instantly every Spaniard disappeared like mice scampering for their holes on the appearance of a cat.

"By George!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle; "that's the fine-

est shot I ever saw. It must have knocked some of those fellows over."

The captain was highly gratified at the excellent shot, but did not send another one after it.

"There's a signal from the shore out there," said one of the men to the captain.

"Where?" the captain asked.

"In those bushes out there, sir," responded the marine, pointing shoreward, and as the captain gazed in that direction he saw something that looked like a handkerchief waving in a clump of bushes.

He instantly ordered a boat to be lowered, and a dozen of marines tumbled into it. Yankee Doodle leaped in too, and the boat pulled for the spot, which was about a quarter of a mile east of where he had landed himself a few days before.

There was a lieutenant in the boat, who, apprehensive of treachery, ordered the marines who were not handling the oars to be in readiness for trouble. The boat struck the sand of the beach, and at the same instant a young girl stepped out of the bushes and approached it, with a very frightened look on her face.

"Senor Americano!" she cried, speaking very rapidly in Spanish, "I wanted to tell you that a young Americano—"

"Hello, Marcia!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, springing up and leaping out of the boat. "Is it you? I'm so glad to see you."

"Oh, senor!" she cried, her whole face lighting up with an expression of joy as she ran to meet him. "I came to tell them that the Spaniards had caught you, and I am so glad to see you. How did you get away?"

Yankee Doodle caught both her hands in his, shook them warmly and pressed them to his lips, saying:

"They kept me three days, senorita, and then I made my escape from them in the night."

"I'm so glad!" she exclaimed again. "I thought your people didn't know what had become of you, and I came here to let them know."

By that time the lieutenant had left the boat and joined him.

"Lieutenant," said Yankee Doodle, "this is Marcia, the brave little girl who made it easy for me to find the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Santiago."

The lieutenant greeted her cordially and told her how grateful all the officers of the fleet felt for the services she had rendered the cause.

"See here, Marcia," said Yankee Doodle, looking up at the sun, "it is utterly impossible for you to return to your home before night, and equally impossible for you to travel through the woods in the dark. Let me persuade you to come on board the ship and stay there until morning, when we will put you on shore again, after treating you like a queen."

"Oh, senor," she replied, "my mother would be so troubled about me. I'm not afraid of the dark, and I can soon return home, now that I have seen you alive and well."

"I know that very well, senorita," he replied; "you are not afraid of the dark, and I know, too, that your mother would be much worried about you; but it is exceedingly

dangerous for you to go alone. If you will not come on board the ship, I will go back with you myself."

"Oh, senor, that would be too dangerous for you."

"I care nothing for the danger," said he; and then, turning to the lieutenant, he asked:

"Lieutenant, do you think the captain would let me have a dozen men to go ashore with me?"

"I don't think he would," was the reply, "as nothing is to be gained by it, and the risk is very great."

"Then I'll go by myself," and he shook hands with the lieutenant, telling him that he would make signals from somewhere in that vicinity the next day or the day after, and with that he turned with the girl and disappeared in the woods that so densely covered the hills.

"Which way did you come, senorita?" he asked of the girl when they reached the top of the hill.

"I came down by the Caimenez road, senor."

"And where is that?" he asked.

"Out that way, senor," and she pointed off toward the left as she spoke.

"Well, let's get into it, then," he advised, "for we can travel a great deal faster that way than in these woods."

The girl walked along briskly through the woods for about half a mile and then struck the road. It was a typical Cuban road—what would be called in the United States a cowpath—but it led straight on toward the village of Caimenez, and gave them a chance to travel much faster than they could have done in the woods.

"Is there any danger of meeting Spaniards on this road?" he asked.

"No, senor; the Spanish soldiers are all in Santiago, as they are looking every hour for another fight."

"Very good; then we can go fast," and hand in hand they walked briskly in the direction of the village. On the way she told him how grieved she and her mother were when her father came home and told them of his capture.

In return, he related to her the story of his escape from the Spanish and of the bombardment of the forts by the fleet.

They came in sight of the village of Caimenez just as the shadows of night were falling about them; but as she knew every foot of the ground, they had no trouble in making good speed toward the little home down by the water's edge.

Marcia's mother was very much astonished at seeing the young American return with her daughter. She was listening to the story of his escape when her husband entered the little hut. His astonishment at finding Yankee Doodle there was even greater than hers, as he fully believed that the Spaniards would shoot him as a spy.

For the third time Yankee Doodle had to tell the story of his escape; and then the Cuban had a story of his own to tell, of how, on that very evening, he narrowly escaped being captured by the same company of Spaniards.

"Where are they?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"They are in camp just beyond Caimenez, senor."

"Is that fellow Durando in command?"

"Si, senor; I saw him."

"How many men are with him?"

"Only about sixty men, I believe, as part of his men have gone off somewhere else."

"Now, see here, Amigo, are there any Cubans anywhere near them?"

"Si, senor; three miles away there's a camp of one hundred and fifty men."

"Are they well armed?"

"They have guns and machetes, senor."

"Well, if I can get seventy-five or a hundred men to go with me, I can capture Durando and avenge the death of the man he shot the day I was captured. Do you think I could get them to stand by me?"

"Si, senor; they would be glad to fight with the Americanos."

"Come, then, let's hurry away and see them at once."

In less than five minutes Yankee Doodle was following the old Cuban through the woods in the direction of the village. They traveled fast, for Tomas knew every foot of the ground and made no blunders on the way.

They passed the village, leaving it on their right, and hurried away in the direction of the Cuban camp, which place they reached within an hour and a half after leaving the little hut.

At least one-half the men in the camp knew Tomas personally. When he told them that Yankee Doodle was from the American fleet, who wanted assistance to capture Captain Durando's command, they were all eager to help him do so.

The Cuban officer in command told him that he would go with him and render all the assistance he could.

"Come on, then," said Yankee Doodle; "I want a chance at that fellow Durando," and in less than half an hour from the time he entered the camp they were on the march with about one hundred men.

On the way Yankee Doodle explained that it was absolutely necessary to surprise the Spaniards and attack them unawares.

CHAPTER XI.

RETALIATION—DEATH OF CAPTAIN DURANDO—YANKEE DOODLE IS ESCORTED TO THE SEASHORE.

The party of Cubans pressed on in the direction of the Spanish camp, led by guides who knew all the ground; and when they came within sight of the camp fire Yankee Doodle suggested that they go around and get between them and the village, explaining to the Cuban officer that the Spaniards would not expect a force from that direction under any circumstances.

The move was promptly made, and soon the party of patriots were on the road between the Spaniards and the village. Then Yankee Doodle divided them into two companies—one commanded by the Cuban captain and the other by himself.

They were to divide and strike the camp on two sides, when they should get within striking distance. They were then within half a mile of the Spanish cavalry, when they heard the patter of horses' hoofs on the road in the direction of the village coming toward them.

Yankee Doodle promptly ordered his men into the bushes

and waited to see who the newcomers were. A half-dozen horsemen soon appeared in sight, and at the word of command Yankee Doodle sprang out into the middle of the road and ordered them to halt. The next instant the road swarmed with Cubans, and the horsemen were taken completely by surprise.

Seeing that resistance was utterly useless, they very promptly surrendered. Yankee Doodle immediately placed them under a strong guard, and was about to resume the march to attack the camp, when the old Cuban, Tomas, rushed to his side, clutched his arm, and excitedly whispered:

"Senor, Captain Durando is among those prisoners."

"The deuce he is!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle; "are you sure of that?"

"Si, senor; come and see," and in his excitement the old Cuban almost dragged Yankee Doodle to the spot where the prisoners were held under guard.

They rushed past the guard, and Tomas seized one of the prisoners by the arm, saying:

"This is Captain Durando, Senor Americano."

Dark as it was, Yankee Doodle instantly recognized the officer.

"Ah! I'm glad to see you, Captain," he said. "I expected to find you at your camp; but you have been kind enough to run into us, thus saving us a good deal of trouble, no doubt. As I have other business to attend to just now, you will pardon me if I leave you with the guards until I can attend to it," and with that he hurried away to lead the attack on the little camp.

Both parties pushed on stealthily through the dark, and were soon within rifle shot of the cavalry. Then they moved forward more slowly and stealthily.

Yankee Doodle gave the signal, and both parties poured a destructive volley into the astonished Spaniards, and followed it up with their machetes.

The Spaniards returned a few shots and would have put up a good fight had they not found themselves attacked on two sides. That created something of a panic among them, during which about half of them threw down their arms and surrendered, while the others took to their heels and escaped under cover of darkness.

It was a difficult thing for Yankee Doodle to prevent a slaughter of the prisoners. As it was, several of them were cut down before he could intervene to save them.

All around him the fierce Cubans were brandishing their terrible machetes, fairly hissing their demands for vengeance.

"No! no!" cried Yankee Doodle; "only cowards strike an unarmed man."

"We want to serve them as they serve us, Senor Americano."

Yankee Doodle wheeled upon him.

"Because the Spaniard is a brute, do you wish to be one too? I tell you plainly, Cubans, that if you show to the world that you are no better than the Spaniards, America will hesitate to deliver Cuba to you when Spain has been driven out of it."

The Cuban captain seconded his efforts to protect the prisoners, whereupon Yankee Doodle requested him to take

charge of them and march them back to the Cuban camp as quickly as possible.

Then, hurrying away with those of his party, he soon came up with the guards who had charge of Captain Durando and his companions.

"Now, Captain Durando," he said to the Spanish officer when he came up with the party, "we will attend to you," and he ordered the guards to march toward the little Cuban camp, which was but three miles away.

When they started off Yankee Doodle walked alongside of the prisoner, to whom he remarked:

"You see, captain, that fortune is extremely fickle in time of war."

"Si, senor, I have found it so," was the reply; "yet fortune seems to have favored you?"

"Yes," laughed Yankee Doodle, "fortune has been extremely kind to me, for I managed to make my escape from my captors by plunging into the waters of the bay on a dark night. It is your misfortune not to be in the neighborhood of any water just now."

"It would do me no good if I was, senor," he replied, "as I cannot swim."

"You recollect the night I was captured, captain?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"Si, senor; it has not been so long ago."

"You also recollect shooting that Cuban soldier without trial, do you not?"

"Si, senor; he was a spy."

"You will remember, Captain, that I told you he was not a spy under the rules of war; and yet you ordered him shot without a trial."

"Si, senor; we have orders to shoot spies wherever we catch them."

"That is very unfortunate for you, Captain."

"In what way, senor?"

"The Cubans are going to shoot you in retaliation."

"When, senor?"

"As soon as you reach the spot where you shot that man."

"But, senor Americano, I never was a spy."

"Oh, no; they don't charge you with being one. They are going to shoot you because you have shot Cuban soldiers when captured in fight."

The prisoner seemed to be staggered at what he was told, and vigorously protested that the other men captured with the spy were now being treated by the Spaniards as prisoners of war.

"That may be true, Captain; and all your men captured with you to-night are going to be treated as prisoners of war also; but you will be shot."

Yankee Doodle then left his side and joined old Cuban Tomas and the Cuban captain. He told them what he had told the prisoner; and they at once approved what he had done, saying they had no intention of letting the captain get away alive.

In about an hour's time they reached the camp, and there a party of about a score of men were selected to take the captain to the place where the Cuban spy had been executed. It was a couple of miles away from the camp, and Yankee Doodle concluded to go along with them.

When they reached the spot they found the grave of the Cuban patriot, who had been buried where he fell.

"Senor Americano," said the prisoner, as his arms were being bound, "are you going to permit this outrage?"

"I am, Captain; and I have come here expressly to see that it is well done and also see that a correct report of your execution is sent to the general commanding in Santiago. The law of retaliation is recognized by all nations."

The prisoner was then bound, and a torch was lighted in order to facilitate the aim of the firing squad.

The Cuban captain himself gave the order to fire, and five rifles, fired almost as one weapon, stretched the blood-thirsty Spaniard dead on the ground.

He was buried at the feet of the patriot for whose murder he was responsible; and then the Cubans quietly marched back to their camp.

There Yankee Doodle called the men around him and told them that the American fleet had the Spanish war-ships bottled up in the harbor of Santiago, and that an American army was then on its way to invest the city by land.

"The American general will expect your co-operation," he said, "and if you give it you will be furnished with rations, arms, ammunition and clothes. We will take the city of Santiago either by assault or surrender, and send the prisoners back to Spain. When the last Spanish soldier has left the island, an independent Cuban government will be formed, very much like our own, and the Cubans left free to run it."

The Cubans were wild in their enthusiasm over his short speech, and swore that they would fight side by side with the Americans, as long as there was a Spanish soldier on the island.

After a little more conversation with the men, Yankee Doodle turned to old Tomas and said he was ready now to go with him.

"Senor," said the old Cuban, "we are going with you down to the shore and see you once more safely on board your ship."

"All right, then," he replied; "let us march."

A party of about one hundred Cubans then started off in single file, passed through the village of Caimenez and struck the little road through which Marcia had led Yankee Doodle that afternoon.

It was long past midnight when the party reached the shore. It being too dark for signals to be seen from the ship, Yankee Doodle had to wait for daylight. Then his signal was seen, and the gunboat, some four or five miles out, steamed up to within hailing distance of him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIGHT ON THE HILL.

As Yankee Doodle stood there on the seashore gazing at the gunboat that was approaching, one of the Cubans in the party made the discovery that a Spanish force was up on the hill behind them preparing to close in on them.

"Are you sure of that?" he asked of the Cuban, who was pretty badly frightened.

"Si, senor—I saw them!"

"How many?"

"I don't know, senor. The woods are so thick; but there are many of them."

"Very well, my friend," and he turned to the Cubans about him, saying in a clear tone, free from all fear and excitement:

"Now, men, if you will obey orders and follow me we shall be able to get some of those fellows up there, or else lead them into a death trap. They are trying to get a chance to pour a volley into us behind our backs. The gunboat will soon see them and shell them. If we can get over the hill behind them and catch them as they scamper out of the way of the shells we'll cut them to pieces. Will you follow me?"

"Si, senor!" they all replied.

"Lead the way, then, Senor Tomas, and keep well in the bushes. They grow thick enough down here to hide us from both the fleet and the Spaniards. Go as fast as you can."

The old Cuban started off on a half run through the bushes. It was not so rugged down there as upon the hills, and so the others followed without much trouble.

When they had gone about a mile Yankee Doodle asked if they could now get over the hill and pass round behind the crest on which the Spaniards had been seen.

"Sir, senor," said a dozen at once.

"Then go ahead," he ordered; and they began the ascent at once. It was hard work, but they never faltered in a single instance. Yankee Doodle himself stumbled and fell three times, but was unhurt. The Cubans did not fare any better, but they were used to that sort of thing.

By and by they reached the crest of the coast range of hills, and from there Yankee Doodle could see the gunboat standing off as if waiting for his signal again.

"The Spaniards must be keeping pretty well out of sight," he said to the Cuban officer who was with him. "I expected to hear shells flying before this."

"They are looking for us, senor," said the Cuban.

"Maybe so—and we are looking for them. Now tell your men to get down over there behind the place where we saw them—if they can do so without being seen. The gunboat will see the Spaniards after a while, and when they do shells will go thick and fast at them. They will scamper over behind the hill to escape, and run into us. Then we'll make quick work of them."

The Cuban officer sent two men forward as scouts, and then the whole party moved cautiously down the hill and then along the side of it for half a mile or more.

Suddenly they heard the boom of a four-inch gun on the gunboat, and a few seconds later a shell exploded in the woods just over the crest of the hill toward the water front.

"Now men—steady!" said Yankee Doodle in a tone of voice just loud enough for the Cubans to hear him. "When they come running down among us let every man of you make sure of one or more. When they find they have run into us they will think that the commodore has played 'em a trick, and be scared almost to death. But don't kill as long as they don't show fight. It is nothing

but a party who followed us from the village, or maybe from the lookout station."

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

The gunboat was throwing shells fast now, and they struck the crest of the hill, exploding and sending fragments tearing through the woods.

A few minutes latter a party of Spaniards, nearly 100 in number, came running down the hill to escape the shells. Of course they came in great disorder, not dreaming an enemy was nearer than the gunboat itself.

All of a sudden the Cubans began firing, and in less than one minute the Spaniards found themselves in a death trap a thousand times worse than that from which they had just fled. A sudden panic seized them and they fled—singly or in pairs. The Cubans with cries of "Cuba Libre!" dashed after them and cut them down with the terrible machete. It was a massacre—not a fight.

Yankee Doodle himself met a big Spaniard face to face in the bushes and shot him dead with his revolver; then another appeared, who threw down his gun and cried out for quarter. He would have saved him but one of the Cubans rushed upon him and cut him down ere he could prevent it.

The Cubans could not be controlled, scattered as they were in the woods. The fight was a series of deadly single combats, in which at least a dozen Cubans were killed and wounded; but the entire party of Spaniards was practically wiped out.

At one time Yankee Doodle found himself alone in the bushes, though he could hear the sounds of combat all around him.

"Viva Americano!" sung out the Cubans when they could find no more Spaniards to kill.

"Viva Cuba Libre!"

"Viva Americano!"

"Death to Spain!"

The woods resounded with the fierce yells.

Yankee Doodle began to fear they would forget all caution in their wild glee over the victory, and tried to call them about him again.

But he might as well have tried to call back the wind that had swept by him. They could hear nought but the calls for vengeance on the cruel monsters who had so long deluged the isle in the blood of her children.

Suddenly he ran upon the Cuban officer and called out to him:

"Rally your men, Captain, or they may all be slain!"

"Who is to slay them, senor?"

"The Spaniards. It is very near to their lookout station, and that is connected with the headquarters in the city by telegraph. We are running a great risk."

The captain was very much surprised at what he was told, and at once proceeded to recall his men. But that was a thing not easily done under such circumstances, as the woods were so very dense that one could not see ten paces in any direction. Yet he managed to catch a half dozen of them, told them the danger they were in and sent

them to tell their comrades and summon them to rally at the foot of the hill at once.

By that means he got them together again—but not one of them had secured any of the arms of the fallen Spaniards. They had been so eager to kill they never once thought of that.

"Take half an hour to get the arms of the enemy," said the captain, "and then hurry back here. We must get away from here as soon as we can."

The men ran up on the hillside again and proceeded to gather the arms of the fallen foe, and when they returned they had over sixty rifles, showing that fully as many Spaniards had fallen.

"Now, senor," said the Cuban officer, addressing Yankee Doodle, "what is your pleasure?"

"I will go to my ship and you had better return to your lines," was the reply.

"But we can't let you go to your ship alone, senor," protested the captain.

"I can get to it as well by myself as with a thousand men," Yankee Doodle returned.

"But you may be intercepted."

"I'll take the chances on that."

"So will we take the chances," and again the Cubans proceeded to escort him over the hill to the beach as they had already done once.

On reaching the crest of the hill Yankee Doodle saw the gunboat going leisurely back to its station some four or five miles away, and knew that he would have to signal again. But to do so from the crest of the hills would draw a shell, probably, as very naturally the captain would suspect them of being Spaniards.

"We must go down to the water," said he to the Cubans, and at once led the way down in that direction. They soon found where the shells had struck, and found four of the enemy lying there horribly mangled.

"That was a good shot, Captain," said Yankee Doodle as he gazed at the terrible effects of the shell where it had exploded.

"Si, senor—yet the Spaniards say the Americanos cannot hit anything from their ships."

"Oh, yes. But that is for effect on those far away in the old country. They will claim that we were badly whipped to-day. We can afford to let them do so as it does not hurt us at all. I guess the coast is clear now, so we'll go back down there and signal the gunboat again," and he started to do so when a rifle shot out on the left was heard and a bullet whizzed close by his head.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, dodging down out of sight in the bushes. "That shows that more Spaniards are about!"

"Si, senor," returned the captain. "We'll see where they are," and he told a half dozen Cubans to creep forward through the bushes and find out where the shot came from.

Yankee Doodle and the others then crouched in the bushes and waited to hear from the scouts before moving again. Some thirty minutes passed and then they were startled by a half dozen more rifle shots in the same direction as the first. A few minutes later the scouts returned with one of their number missing.

"Senor, the woods are full of Spanish soldiers!" said

one of them in a hurried whisper to Yankee Doodle; "and they are coming this way."

"Come, then, let's get out of their way," said he quickly, and he bent low and ran forward through the bushes, followed by the others.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TUNNEL THROUGH THE SWAMP AND HOW IT BECAME A DEATH TRAP.

As Yankee Doodle led the way through the bushes, the Cuban captain joined him and kept close by his side for half a mile or so, when old Tomas caught up with them and said:

"Senor Americano, you will go into a ravine that way where you can't get out."

"Then you take the lead," said Yankee Doodle, "and we'll follow."

"Si, senor," said the old patriot, "follow me, and come fast;" and the old man started off straight up the hill at a rate of speed that put the others to their utmost to keep up with him.

It was a perilous moment for all of them, and Yankee Doodle saw that their sole dependence was upon the old man who was leading them. He did not much like the idea of getting away from the gunboat and thus leaving the protection of its shells; but he well knew that the gunners on board were not able to distinguish friend from foe at that distance, so he pushed on as fast as he could, hoping to escape the threatened destruction of capture through the woodcraft of old Tomas.

They soon reached the crest of the hill and went scampering down the north side as fast as it was possible for them to go through such a thicket. Down the hill they went one after another, each trying to keep the man in front of him in sight; and after going a half mile or so in that direction they struck a little stream which flowed toward the bay of Santiago, along the banks of which the growth was so thick it seemed utterly impossible for anything larger than a rabbit to pass through it. Where the bushes failed to block the way a great mass of vines seemed to interpose an impassable barrier.

Old Tomas stopped and listened as if to make sure of the position of the enemy back on the hill; but he could hear nothing save the noise made by his own followers as they toiled through the bushes.

In a very few minutes the entire party had assembled in front of the thicket, whereupon Yankee Doodle turned to the Cuban captain and asked:

"Which way, Captain?"

"We must go straight through," was the reply; and Yankee Doodle wondered how any human being could do that.

But he did not remain long in doubt, for a half dozen Cubans drew their machetes and began a furious onslaught on the mass of vines. Never before did he realize the wonderful power of those heavy sugarcane knives, for they cut through those vines at each blow as though they were nothing more than so much grass. He stood by and looked on in profound admiration, as relays of Cubans relieved

each other in the work of cutting a tunnel wide enough for four men to march through abreast for a distance of more than two hundred feet.

As he marched through it with the Cubans, he thought of the story of the Children of Israel passing through the Red Sea with a wall of water on either side of them. The vines not only encompassed them on either side, but were interlaced together overhead in such a dense mass as to entirely obscure the light of a tropical sun in a cloudless sky. He noticed that in the centre it was almost too dark for him to see the man in front of him.

"This is wonderful," he remarked to the Cuban captain.

"Si, senor," assented the other, "the machete is the Cuban's reliance in trouble of every kind."

"So I see," said Yankee Doodle, "and I have more respect for it than for the largest gun in the American fleet."

When they reached the other side of the dense thicket the Cubans stopped as if to rest, whereupon their captain suggested that they hurry away.

"Oh, we are safe now," said Yankee Doodle.

"No, senor, they can come through that tunnel as easily as we did, for we have cut it for them."

"Hold on a moment," said Yankee Doodle, "can the Spaniards cut through a thicket like that?"

"No, senor, they do not use the machete as we do."

"Where is Senor Tomas?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Here, senor," answered the old Cuban, presenting himself before the young American.

"Senor Tomas?" Yankee Doodle asked, "how far below here is the little road that crosses this stream near the spring where I first saw your wife and daughter?"

"It is about five miles, senor."

"Can the Spaniards cross it anywhere between here and there?"

"No, senor."

"Then how far above here does this thicket extend?"

"Six or seven miles, senor," he answered.

"And can it be crossed anywhere in that distance?"

"No, senor, not unless they cut through as we did."

"Which they can't do except with the machete?"

"No, senor."

"Yankee Doodle then turned upon the captain with:

"Captain, we can defend this tunnel against a thousand men."

"What," gasped the captain, "make a stand here?"

"Si, capitan; they can't see us from the other side to fire at us, and as the tunnel is not straight they cannot shoot at us through it; and if they attempt to come through we can destroy every man of them. Let us make the stand here."

The Cuban officer and all of his followers seemed to be amazed at the proposition; but such was their confidence in his good judgment and generalship they promptly agreed to follow his orders.

"Then cut away the bushes around here," Yankee Doodle promptly ordered, "in order to give us a clear view of this end of the tunnel."

The Cubans promptly fell to with their machetes, and

inside of ten minutes a circular space of some fifty or sixty feet in diameter was cleared of the underbrush.

"Now you see," said Yankee Doodle, "we can all remain concealed back here in the woods, and have a fair view of the tunnel there through which the Spaniards must come, if come they do, not more than four abreast, and not one of whom can get through alive."

Every man in the party instantly saw what a splendid death-trap they had unconsciously made, and naturally wondered at the keen foresight of the young American.

"We ought to send half a dozen men through," said Yankee Doodle, "to go up on the other side, find the Spaniards, and open fire on them to attract their attention. The Spaniards will then pursue them and come pouring through the tunnel after them."

Instantly a dozen Cubans volunteered for that duty; and they at once passed through into the tunnel and disappeared from sight.

They had not been gone over twenty minutes when rifle shots were heard on the hillside beyond. It was quite evident that the Spaniards had struck the trail made by the retreating Cubans, and were following it down the hill. When they saw the Cuban scouts they opened fire and rushed after them with loud yells. The scouts promptly retreated, as they had been instructed to do, and quickly disappeared in the tunnel. They dashed out on the side where the Cubans were waiting and called to the others:

"They are coming!" and then took their places alongside of their comrades.

"Now, men," called out Yankee Doodle to the Cubans, "let them get just two or three paces outside of the tunnel before you shoot them down."

Scarcely had the sound of his voice died away ere a half dozen Spaniards dashed out of the mouth of the tunnel in eager pursuit of the retreating scouts.

A volley from the concealed Cubans stretched them on the ground, and ere the smoke of their rifles had cleared away other Spaniards rushed out to take a hand in the fight.

The incessant crack of the Cuban rifles at a range of not more than forty to sixty feet kept piling the Spaniards up in a heap in front of the tunnel, and still they kept coming, for they could not see what was going on until they had passed out almost to where their dead comrades lay, by which time they were a fair mark for the concealed Cubans. The firing continuing, the Spaniards behind kept pushing forward under the impression that their comrades were hotly engaged with the enemy, until so many dead and wounded ones lay in front of the tunnel, those behind finally catching a glimpse of them, began to suspect a trap. Then they hesitated, and some officers proceeded to make an inspection without exposing themselves. It did not take them long to find out the horrors of the situation, and a retreat was at once ordered.

During all this time not a Cuban had been hit; while the ground in front of the tunnel was piled almost breast high with dead and wounded Spaniards. Finally, after waiting a half hour or so for more to appear, Yankee Doodle suspected that the Spaniards had become aware of the trap. A Cuban volunteered to creep through as far as he could

safely and find out what the Spaniards were doing. To his surprise he passed clear through without seeing a soldier, and ran back to report that fact.

Yankee Doodle instantly sent through half a dozen more to guard the tunnel, while the others gathered up the arms and ammunition of those that had fallen. When that had been done, he suggested to the Cuban captain that they leave the place and make good their retreat.

"For," said he, "they will not enter the tunnel a second time, but will probably return with reinforcements to assail us on both sides. So we should get away just as quickly as possible."

The guards were recalled, and each man laden with the arms and ammunition from the enemy struck out over the hill in the direction of the village of Caimenez.

All the way up the hill they were chuckling with glee over the decisive blow they had dealt the enemy, and giving Yankee Doodle the full credit of its success.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FINAL MARCH TO THE SEA.

It was a toilsome march over the hill through a pathless forest, but the brave fellows did not complain, for they had met with a success unequaled in all their past experience.

Yankee Doodle had no fear of pursuit under the circumstances, for the enemy had been cut to pieces in such a frightful manner he was satisfied they would not attempt pursuit for fear of meeting a similar fate. He reasoned, too, and rightly so, that the garrison of Santiago city could not well spare any considerable force to pursue stray bands of Cubans; hence, when they came in sight of the village of Caimenez he no longer had any apprehension; yet he advised against a halt before they had reached other commands of the Cuban forces.

Passing through the village, Yankee Doodle saw the wife and daughter of the old Cuban Tomas among the many women and children who were looking on in front of the stores. He at once went to them and shook hands with both, but the moment he had done so the thought flashed through his mind that he had probably subjected them to the danger of Spanish persecution on his account; so to offset his error he proceeded to shake hands with every woman and child whom he could reach on the street, thus passing without having a chance to say anything to the mother and daughter other than the salutation he gave to all. Then they passed on through the village, and in a little while passed the spot where Captain Durando had been executed for his barbarous treatment of Cuban prisoners.

Finally they met a party of Cuban scouts, who at once led them to the headquarters of General Garcia, who had suddenly moved down from Bayamo, in order to co-operate with the American fleet in its operations against Santiago.

On meeting the General Yankee Doodle introduced himself by his proper name; but that astute officer gave him a keen searching look and remarked with a knowing smile:

"General Gomez has told me about you, and I assure

you that I'm more than pleased to meet the gallant Yankee Doodle of the American army and fleet."

"Thank you, General," laughed Yankee Doodle, "I have managed so far while without friends here to keep that name somewhat concealed from them, because I apprehend the danger attached to it should I be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the enemy. They had me once for four days, but they undertook to transfer me from the city down to Morro at midnight, and under cover of darkness I managed to break away from the guards and plunge into the waters of the harbor and thus make my escape."

"That was a daring thing to do," remarked the general.

"It was a desperate chance," assented Yankee Doodle, "and I was fortunate to escape injury; yet it was the roughest experience that I've had during this war."

"And they didn't suspect who you were?" the general asked.

"No, General; and I was very glad they did not, for I am satisfied had they done so they would have shot me."

"Very likely," assented the general; and then Yankee Doodle proceeded to relate to him his adventures of that morning while attempting to reach the fleet.

The general was astounded at the news of the terrific slaughter at the tunnel the machetes had cut through the swamp, and as the truth dawned upon him he laughed.

"I hardly think," said he, "that anyone else but a Yankee would have thought of making a stand at such a place as that."

"Why, it was an easy thing to do," laughed Yankee Doodle.

"Oh, yes," assented the general, "but it was a stroke of genius that prompted the execution of it."

"Well, I don't know where the genius comes in," said Yankee Doodle, "but it struck me as a very nice little trap provided the Spaniards could be induced to enter it."

"Oh, they are very easily trapped," the general remarked, "and they make great haste to get out of a trap as soon as they recognize it."

"Yes, except for their courage, that's about the only thing that I can give them any credit for."

Yankee Doodle spent the night at the headquarters of General Garcia, whose guest he was, and the next day desired to make another attempt to reach the fleet.

"It is more than probable," said the general, "that a strong patrol will cover those hills for days to come on account of the injuries you inflicted upon them yesterday; so I would suggest to you that you try to reach the fleet on the east side of the harbor instead of the west."

"But, General," said Yankee Doodle, "there's a gunboat out there waiting and watching for my signal."

"That may be," replied the other, "but the exigencies of the situation forbids your making the attempt on that side."

Yankee Doodle was silent for some minutes, but it did not take him long to see the wisdom of the general's suggestions.

"It's a long way round to the east side, General," he remarked.

"Yes, it is; but we have a saying here in Cuba to the effect that a long road has an end as well as a short one."

"That reminds me," laughed Yankee Doodle, "of one we have in my country."

"What is it?" the general asked.

"We have a saying that it is a long lane that has no turning."

"Ah, I've heard that," said the general, who had spent a good deal of time in the United States; "and I well remember another that you have over there, which I believe was started from a remark made by the Governor of South Carolina to the Governor of North Carolina."

"Oh, yes," laughed Yankee Doodle, "I don't think there is a ten-year-old boy in America that hasn't heard it."

"Pray what is it?" one of the Cubans asked who had been listening to the two.

"Oh," said Yankee Doodle, "it was simply a remark made by one of the governors to the other that it was a long time between drinks."

The general smiled, but to the astonishment of Yankee Doodle the staff officer had a puzzled expression on his face as he asked:

"But why did he make the remark?"

"Because he was thirsty, I presume," answered Yankee Doodle as a broad grin overspread his face, while the general laughed very heartily.

"The colonel here," remarked the general, "has never been in your country, and hence failed to catch the full meaning of the saying; and let me add," he continued, "that I very much regret that we have nothing in camp at present with which to illustrate the natural effect of the saying upon you Americans."

"Never mind about that," returned Yankee Doodle, "if you can give me something solid for my inner-man I'll let you off on the fluid."

"All right," returned the general, "if any man is entitled to a square meal you are that one."

Yankee Doodle remained another day at the headquarters of General Garcia, and then proceeded to make preparations for a trip to the coast on the east side of the city of Santiago.

A party of fifty mounted Cubans were assigned the duty of escorting Yankee Doodle down to the coast on the east side of Santiago harbor, and to remain with him until he was safely on board of one of the vessels of the fleet.

The faithful old Tomas, who by this time looked upon Yankee Doodle as one of the most wonderful characters he had ever met, begged permission to accompany them. It was readily granted, and the valiant old patriot kept alongside of him all the way. It was a long way round, for the general had instructed the captain in command to avoid meeting any Spanish detachments if possible.

Like every other section in Cuba, the roads were extremely difficult, and in some places utterly unworthy of the name of road; so the entire day was passed ere they came in sight of the sea from the crest of a high hill several miles east of Santiago.

There was a little town called Aguadores on the sea shore, some five miles or so from the entrance to the harbor, and it was about two miles east of that place where the party first saw the fleet some four or five miles out from the shore.

At the suggestion of the captain of the escort, Yankee Doodle dismounted and proceeded down to the beach on foot, accompanied by old Tomas and a score of others of the party.

Yankee Doodle immediately dismounted, shook hands with the captain and thanked him for his kindness, after which he turned and began making his way down the hill through the woods, followed by Tomas and the others. In due time he reached the foot of the hill, where he directed the others to remain concealed in the bushes while he stepped out on the beach and began signaling to a gunboat some four miles out.

For some time it seemed that the signal was not seen by any one on board, yet he kept on making it with his pocket-handkerchief until at last he saw the gunboat slowly steaming toward him.

"Ah, they have seen me," he exclaimed; but he kept up the signal until the gunboat was near enough for him to see the captain leveling his spyglass at him.

But the gunboat was making very slow progress, as if the captain was suspicious that an effort was being made to lure him within range of a masked battery.

In the meantime the Cubans kept concealed in the bushes, where they could not be seen from the deck of the gunboat.

"Keep still back there," said Yankee Doodle to the Cubans behind him, "as I don't want you to be seen till the captain finds out who I am."

When the gunboat was within hailing distance the captain made a signal that told he was recognized.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

"Is that you, Yankee Doodle?" hailed the captain of the gunboat.

"Yes, Captain," he replied, "and a part of the Cuban army."

"Do you want to come aboard?"

"Yes," he replied, "for I'm both tired and hungry."

A boat was lowered and sent ashore; and while the men were bending to the oars Yankee Doodle turned to the old Cuban Tomas and grasped his hand, saying:

"Senor Tomas, I want to thank you and your good wife and your daughter for the very great service you and they have rendered the fleet. The commodore himself has assured me that when he has seen Senorita Marcia he will thank her in the name of the American government and richly reward her for what she has done. I'm sorry I shall not be able to see them again before the great battle is fought; but say to them for me that I will never forget them. Say to Senorita Marcia that she is the bravest, the sweetest and most beautiful little girl that I have ever met; and that I hope soon that Cuba will be free, and that she may live to enjoy all the happiness that life can bring to her."

"Senor Americano," said the old Cuban, "my wife and daughter will be the happiest women in Cuba when I repeat to them your words of praise. And, senor, you will come and see us, will you not?"

"Indeed I will, senor; and when I do, I shall see to it that life will be easier for you and them. My country is not ungrateful, for she rewards with a liberal hand those who serve her well in the hour of peril—which you and they have done, Senor Tomas."

By that time the boat had reached them, and the hundred Cubans in the party stood around and cheered the marines and the ship and the starry banner waving above it.

All the way back from the gunboat the cry of "Viva Americano" followed them."

"Where did you pick up that crowd, Yankee Doodle?" the captain of the gunboat asked him.

"Back about ten miles behind those hills, captain. They are brave fellows, and I led them into a fight last night, in which we smashed a Spanish company of cavalry, and captured their leader, with nearly half his command."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed the captain, slapping him on the shoulder. "No matter where you go you manage to worry the Spaniards some."

"That's what I'm here for, captain," he laughed.

"Yes, of course," was the reply; "but you have the advantage of us in being a sort of independent command of yourself. You can follow your own sweet will, while the rest of us have to obey orders."

"Well, let me tell you, captain, that I have to obey orders too. I expect to get a roasting from the commodore when I report to him."

"Not a bit of it. I told him yesterday you had gone ashore to protect the young girl who, not knowing of your escape, had imperiled her life to bring news of your capture to the fleet."

"What did he say?" Yankee Doodle asked eagerly.

"He said you did right, and hoped no harm would befall either of you."

"I am glad of that. I had asked permission to go ashore after the bombardment, and he refused it."

"He has a tender heart, and on learning why you had gone, his eyes filled with tears—over the devotion of the young girl. Where did you leave her?"

"With her mother. Her father was with the party that came down to the shore out there with me. He is a brave old patriot," and then Yankee Doodle told him the story of Captain Durando, of the Spanish cavalry.

"Whew!" whistled the captain. "You had better not tell the commodore that."

"Why not?"

"He'd be mad. He doesn't believe in that sort of warfare."

"Oh, the Cubans shot him—not me," laughed Yankee Doodle.

"I guess you didn't try to save him."

"Not much. I'd have shot him myself if they had not."

"So would I—under similar circumstances," assented the captain.

"So would the commodore. I am going to tell him the whole story."

The gunboat soon landed him on board the flagship, and he at once repaired to his quarters in quest of sleep, as he had slept none during the night.

When he reappeared on deck in the afternoon he reported

to the commodore and told him where he had been and what happened while he was ashore.

"It is a very savage warfare," the commodore said, shaking his head.

"Aye, sir, so it is. I could have saved him from the Cubans, but didn't wish to do so."

"Did you hear anything about the effect of the bombardment?" the commodore asked.

"Aye, sir. There was something like 150 men killed and wounded, and the works very much damaged. But the Spaniards claim a victory, saying they drove off the fleet."

The commodore laughed, and then Yankee Doodle turned away to talk to one of the other officers of the ship, who had many questions to ask him about the Cuban force on shore.

"When the army arrives you will be very much in demand," the officer said to him.

"In what way?"

"As a guide."

"Oh, any of the Cubans out there can guide our troops anywhere about the country. I had to rely on them myself."

"But you were singularly fortunate."

"I don't know about that. I was unlucky at times, I thought."

"Why, my boy, you don't know what bad luck means."

"Well, if I don't, I hope I never will," he replied. "Hello! Here comes a boat from the Texas!"

A boat from the battleship Texas was seen pulling for the flagship, and when it arrived it was found that the captain had come to consult with the commodore. The consultation was soon ended, and the captain asked for Yankee Doodle. He was sent for, and on being presented, the captain thanked him for his timely discovery of the Spanish torpedo boat.

"If you had not seen it at the time you did," said the captain, "it would have struck us, as we were looking in another direction, leaving to the Iowa the task of watching that part of the coast."

"I am glad I did, captain, for I would be very sorry to lose one of our splendid ships. When they had me in prison in Santiago the Spanish officers laughed derisively when I told them that the commodore would sink the Spanish fleet if he got a whack at it."

"They didn't believe you, eh?"

"No, sir. They say Cervera will rush out on us and destroy the whole fleet when he is ready to do so."

"What did you say to that?"

"I said the commodore was waiting for him and would be very glad to meet the admiral. By George! I wish the commodore would send me in, under a flag of truce, with his compliments to the admiral and a polite invitation to come out and be licked!"

The gallant captain laughed.

"So do I—and I'll suggest it to him to do so;" and he did.

The commodore smiled and remarked that it would not bring the Spaniards out, adding:

"But it will be a bit of diversion and do our men good when they hear of it. Let him go."

"Whoop!" yelled Yankee Doodle, when told that the commodore had consented. "Let me brush up!" and he

ran to his quarters to change his clothes preparatory to his leaving in the little steam launch.

Ten minutes later he was on the way toward the mouth of the bay with the American flag flying at one end of the launch and a flag of truce at the other.

The Spaniards in the forts on both sides of the channel peered over at the little launch in unfeigned surprise, wondering what its mission was.

He was hailed from Morro with:

"Who do you wish to see?"

"The admiral of the fleet," replied Yankee Doodle.

"Go ahead, but look out for torpedoes."

"Lookout for yourselves up there," he replied cheerily as the little launch went on its way up the channel. He counted all the guns he saw on the batteries and made mental notes of their make and calibre.

Soon they rounded a point and came in sight of the Spanish fleet anchored up the bay, and made direct for the flagship of the admiral.

As soon as the little launch was seen the deck of every ship swarmed with marines.

"What a pity it is we can't capture those ships and add 'em to our fleet, men," Yankee Doodle remarked to the crew of the launch.

"We will, sir," said one of the men.

"Oh, no. The Spaniards will destroy 'em as soon as they find defeat staring 'em in the face. We won't get one of them."

"We'll raise 'em again, sir."

"They'll blow 'em to pieces—as they did the Maine," said Yankee Doodle, shaking his head.

"Well, they'll pay for the Maine when they do."

"So they will. That bit of treachery will cost Spain all her battleships."

"Aye, aye, sir! We ought to sink all Spain for that, sir."

"We would if we could. But we are not done with 'em yet."

They pulled straight for the flagship, where they were hailed from the deck with:

"What do you want?"

"Commodore Schley, of the American fleet, sends his compliments to Admiral Cervera, with an invitation for him to come outside and fight," replied Yankee Doodle, loud enough for every man on board the battleship to hear him.

"Caramba!" exclaimed the officer.

"Diablos!" gasped another at his side, and the admiral was notified of the mission of the flag of truce.

He came forward smiling, looked down at the little launch, and said:

"Give my compliments to the commodore, and say that I am very comfortable where I am; that if he wishes to do so he can come inside and fight. Thanks for his invitation. I'll call on him when I am ready to do so."

Yankee Doodle stood up and saluted the admiral, who returned it, all the time smiling complacently, and then the little launch veered 'round and steamed away.

"Caramba!" came from several men on board the flagship.

"Diablos! The impudence of the Yankee pigs!"

"Maledictions!"

No. 39. How to Raise Dogs, Poultry, Pigeons and Rabbits.—A useful and instructive book. Handsomely illustrated. By Ira Drowfaw. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 40. How to Make and Set Traps.—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated. By J. Harrington Keene. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 41. The Boys of New York End Men's Joke Book.—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 42. The Boys of New York Stump Speaker.—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 43. How to Become a Magician.—Containing the grandest assortment of magical illusions ever placed before the public. Also tricks with cards, incantations, etc. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 44. How to Write in an Album.—Containing selected verses suitable for any time or occasion. Also acrostics and valentines. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 45. The Boys of New York Minstrel Guide and Joke Book.—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe, and will cost you but 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 46. How to Make and Use Electricity.—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity, and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries etc. By George Trebel. A. M. M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 47. How to Break, Ride, and Drive a Horse.—A complete treatise on the horse. Describing the most useful horses for business, the best horses for the road; also valuable recipes for diseases peculiar to the horse. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 48. How to Build and Sail Canoes.—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated. By C. Stansfield Hicks. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 49. How to Debate.—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion, and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 50. How to Stuff Birds and Animals.—A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals, and insects. Price 10 cents. For sale at all news-stands, or sent post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 51. How to Do Tricks With Cards.—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. By Professor Haffner. With illustrations. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of the price, by Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 52. How to Play Cards.—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Casino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or we will send it to your address, free of postage, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 53. How to Write Letters.—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book. It is for sale by all newsdealers. Price 10 cents, or sent from this office on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 54. How to Keep and Manage Pets.—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding, and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by 23 illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 55. How to Collect Stamps and Coins.—Containing valuable information regarding the collecting and arranging of stamps and coins. Handsomely illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 56. How to Become an Engineer.—Containing full instructions how to proceed in order to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or we will send it to you, postage free, upon receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 57. How to make Musical Instruments.—Full directions how to make a Banjo, Violin, Zither, Aeolian Harp, Xylophone and other musical instruments; together with a brief description of nearly every musical instrument used in ancient or modern times. Profusely illustrated. By Algernon S. Fitzgerald, for 20 years bandmaster of the Royal Bengal Marines. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers or we will send it to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, N. Y.

No. 58. How to be a Detective.—By Old King Brady, the world known detective. In which he lays down some valuable and sensible rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures and experiences of well-known detectives. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 59. How to Make a Magic Lantern.—Containing a description of the lantern, together with its history and invention. Also full directions for its use and for painting slides. Handsomely illustrated, by John Allen. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 60. How to Become a Photographer.—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other transparencies. Handsomely illustrated. By Captain W. De W. Abney. Price 10 cents. For sale at all news-stands, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 61. How to Become a Bowler.—A complete manual of bowling. Containing full instructions for playing all the standard American and German games; together with rules and systems of sporting in use by the principal bowling clubs in the United States. By Bartholomew Batterson. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 62. How to Become a West Point Military Cadet.—Containing full explanations how to gain admittance, course of Study, Examinations, Duties, Staff of Officers, Post Guard, Police Regulations, Fire Department, and all a boy should know to be a Cadet. Compiled and written by Lu Senarins, Author of "How to Become a Naval Cadet." Price 10 cents. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 63. How to Become a Naval Cadet.—Complete instructions of how to gain admission to the Annapolis Naval Academy. Also containing the course of instructions, descriptions of grounds and buildings, historical sketch, and everything a boy should know to become an officer in the United States Navy. Compiled and written by Lu Senarins, Author of "How to Become a West Point Military Cadet." Price 10 cents. For sale by every newsdealer in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 64. How to Make Electrical Machines.—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos, and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By R. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or will be sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 65. Muldoon's Jokes.—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist, and practical joker of the day. We offer this amusing book, together with the picture of "Muldoon," for the small sum of 10 cents. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 66. How to Do Puzzles.—Containing over 300 interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 67. How to Do Electrical Tricks.—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 68. How to Do Chemical Tricks.—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 69. How to Do Sleight of Hand.—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 70. How to Make Magic Toys.—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 71. How to Do Mechanical Tricks.—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 72. How to Do Sixty Tricks With Cards.—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 73. How to Do Tricks With Numbers.—Showing many curious tricks with figures and the magic of numbers. By A. Anderson. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 74. How to Write Letters Correctly.—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition; together with specimen letters. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 75. How to Become a Conjuror.—Containing tricks with Dominoes, Dice, Cups and Balls, Hats, etc. Embracing 36 illustrations. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 76. How to Tell Fortunes by the Hand.—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of the lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated. By A. Anderson. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 77. How to Do 40 Tricks With Cards.—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 78. How to Do the Black Art.—Containing a complete description of the mysteries of Magic and Sleight-of-Hand, together with many wonderful experiments. By A. Anderson. Illustrated. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

No. 79. How to Become an Actor.—Containing complete instructions how to make up for various characters on the stage; together with the duties of the Stage Manager, Prompter, Scenic Artist and Property Man. By a prominent Stage Manager. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 29 West 26th Street, New York.

YOUNG * GLORY.

CONTAINING

PATRIOTIC WAR STORIES.

LITHOGRAPHED COLORED COVERS.

32 Solid Reading Pages.

EVERY STORY COMPLETE.

Price 5 Cents. - - Price 5 Cents.

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Young Glory, the Hero of the White Squadron,
By Commodore Morgan
- No. 2. Young Glory on Shore; or, Fighting For the Stars and
Stripes, By Author of Young Glory
- No. 3. Young Glory and the Spanish Cruiser; or, A Brave Fight
Against Odds, By Author of Young Glory
- No. 4. Young Glory in Cuba; or, Helping the Insurgents,
By Author of Young Glory
- No. 5. Young Glory Under Fire; or, Fighting the Spaniards in
Cuban Waters, By Author of Young Glory
- No. 6. Young Glory in Morro Castle; or, Rescuing American
Prisoners, By Author of Young Glory

For Sale by All Newsdealers, or will be Sent to Any Address on Receipt
of Price, 5 Cents Per Copy, by

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

29 West 26th St.,

New York.

—:—:— This is Our Very Latest! —:—:—

YANKEE DOODLE

Containing Stories of the Present War.

HANDSOMELY LITHOGRAPHED COLORED COVERS.

32 PAGES. EACH STORY COMPLETE.

—:—:— **PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY.** —:—:—

ISSUED EVERY TWO WEEKS.

- No. 1. Yankee Doodle, the Drummer Boy; or, Young America to the Front,** by General Geo. A. Nelson
- No. 2. Yankee Doodle in Havana; or, Leading Our Troops to Victory,** by Author of Yankee Doodle
- No. 3. Yankee Doodle With Sampson's Fleet; or, Scouting for the Admiral,** by Author of Yankee Doodle
- No. 4. Yankee Doodle With Schley; or, Searching for the Spanish Fleet,** by Author of Yankee Doodle

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS OR WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 5 CENTS PER COPY. ADDRESS

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher,

29 West 26th St.,

New York.